



오크지만 찬양해

이정민
판타지 장편소설

1

몬스터

Praise the Orc!

– 오크지만 찬양해! –

- Volume 5 -

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[Rainbow Turtle | Wuxiaworld]

CHAPTER 101

HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN (1)

“Oh, Crockta. You are late this time.”

Once Crockta returned, Tiyo and Anor were playing cards at the inn introduced by Radet. This was where Crockta had last ended the connection.

Crockta had returned to the Temple of the Fallen God after meeting the gray god. Paimon had disappeared and the Temple of the Fallen God was empty. Crockta returned to their accommodations and closed the connection. Then he didn't connect for two days.

Tiyo already knew that he was cursed by the stars. He didn't show many signs of caring and just explained to Anor, “I thought something had happened.”

He didn't connect for a long time. According to Elder Lord time, they would've been waiting for a few days.

Crockta approached them silently. Tiyo and Anor raised their heads.

Tiyo had a small face but inside he was a macho man. He was a trustworthy companion. Crockta looked at his face again. A cute face, delicate eyebrows, and large eyes. Sometimes his eyes would become wild with rage, but he had the nervous charm of a young boy.

The features made a strange expression as Tiyo looked at Crockta. His hair stood up. The sunlight revealed his pale skin. Tiyo's nose wrinkled. The sophisticated wrinkles and facial expressions.

He was really alive.

This time he looked at Anor. His stubbed ears were healed, but they still looked ugly. However, he uncovered his ears without hesitation as he looked up at Crockta. The dark elf's distinctive tanned skin and eyes that were always measuring the mood of others, along with the soft lips that spat out curses.

As Crockta continued to look at him, Anor flushed and avoided his eyes. Crockta started laughing.

The sunlight coming through the window revealed the dust floating in the air. Crockta looked at the landscape and nodded. This was Elder Lord, another world where many beings lived.

Crockta hugged Tiyo and Anor.

“What are you doing *dot*?!”

“W-What is going on?”

Crockta didn’t answer.

These people. This world. It was all real.

“Tiyo.”

“What *dot*?”

“Anor.”

“Yes.”

Crockta held them within his strong arms. “Don’t die.”

Tiyo laughed at his words. “Crockta, you haven’t seen us for a while and you are suddenly talking like a girl.”

“I’ll raise you if you die.”

Crockta released them and asked, “What should we do now?”

Tiyo and Anor were walking the same road as Crockta. While he was away, they would’ve calculated a plan. He could believe in their decisions.

“Go to Spinoa *dot*.”

“Spinoa? Not the frontlines?”

He heard that the frontlines for the war had already opened and that a battle was occurring at the boundary of the dark elf area.

“The leader of the dark elves wants to see us.”

“Leader.”

Although the leader didn’t reign as a king, Crockta heard that most of the important decisions associated with the destiny of the dark elves were made by him. Normally Tiyo’s character meant that he would try to fight against the Great Clan straight away instead of going to a meeting.

“Radet talked to Tiyo. The dark elves can’t be ignored.”

“What a snitch *dot!*”

“Is that so? Ahahat. Radet said that the dark elves aren’t that weak, so go to Spinoa.”

Crockta nodded. Orcs were large and heavy, but dark elves had their own advantages. In particular, they were much scarier than orcs when it came to siege warfare. Their innate eyesight and keen senses could penetrate long-range targets.

“According to him, there is something bigger than fighting right now.”

“We were just waiting for Crockta *dot*. Let’s start right now!”

“Understood.”

Tiyo and Anor already had all their baggage prepared. Crockta went to his room. He didn’t have many things because he left everything he didn’t need behind before he trekked up north. As a matter of fact, just Ogre Slayer was enough.

Crockta left his room. The sun of Elder Lord shone on him. He frowned and looked up at the sky. The blue sky was still the sky that he knew.

He didn’t have any tremendous beliefs or goals. Just. He wanted to smash those who made him disgusted.



They said farewell to Radet.

“It would’ve been nice if you met Jamero.”

“We are on our way to Spinoa so we might see him.”

“That might be the case.”

Jamero, who defended Nameragon with Radet, was a great magician. Crockta was curious because he had never met such a person since Antuak and Tashaquil. Magic had similar aspects to shamanism, so he expected a sage-like figure.

The garrison leader standing in front of the gate approached. “Crockta.”

Crockta didn’t know his name yet.

“I’m sorry for the first disrespect.”

Crockta laughed and the face of the guard turned red.

“I don’t regret saying it. I stopped suspicious people from entering the already confused Nameragon. Even if it wasn’t you, my response would’ve been the same.”

“I understand.”

The garrison leader abruptly hit Crockta on his back. “Please, be safe until this war is over.”

“You too. Stay alive.”

Crockta looked around at everyone. Their faces were different from when he first saw them. In particular, the eyes of the garrison soldiers were shining. Crockta had shown tremendous ability when overwhelming Driden. He might be the nucleus of the war in the future. They might be different species, but they felt like they were facing the man who would become a hero in the future.

“Goodbye.”

“Um. See you alive again.”

“Take care *dot*.”

“See you again.”

Crockta, Tiyo and Anor turned around. They slowly moved away from Nameragon. The place they were heading was the north of Nameragon, the land where the world tree grew, Spinoa.

“The north is better than I thought *dot*.”

They had traveled for a while after crossing the border, but there were still more places to go.

“Have you heard anything about the elf leader?” asked Crockta.

According to Radet, the leader had directly mentioned Crockta and invited him to Spinoa. Despite the imminent conflict, he said that there was something he wanted Crockta to see first.

“I heard that he’s a very long-lived, wise person *dot*. He even hears the voice of the world tree.”

“World tree.”

Crockta hadn’t seen a world tree before. A sacred existence to the elves, it was a huge tree that grew endlessly up to the sky.

He heard that there was a world tree in the territory of the elves on the continent. It had an unknown power and it was well known that even one branch from the world tree would protect the owner from all types of disasters and curses.

“Such a person is asking for us.”

“I don’t want him to say anything about fighting against the Great Clan *dot*. Leaders are always like that.”

“Yes.”

If that was the case, he wouldn't be happy. As they headed north, Crockta discovered a herd of caruks. They were the beasts that the orcs rode when he first reached the north. They once rode the caruks but lost them in the Luklan Mountains.

Crockta and Tiyo exchanged glances.

Anor's expression wasn't good. "No way... right? It is wild. Wild caruks are usually hard to tame. Wild..."

However, Crockta and Tiyo moved before Anor could finish his sentence.

"Wait!" Anor shouted, but Tiyo was already firing General. Some of the caruks fell to the ground at the sudden attack. Tiyo had purposefully put in enough power not to kill them.

"Kuahahat! I am Tiyo, a garrison soldier! I'm also a hunter *dot*!"

Tiyo laughed and carelessly shot General. Crockta, who was about to grab a fallen caruk, stopped.

"Tiyo."

"Kuahahat! I am a hunter. Caruks will be caught by me!"

"Tiyo."

"What Crockta? Are you envious of General *dot*?"

"....."

Crockta pointed to the left instead of answering.

"....."

The magic bullets pouring from General started to slowly stop. Tiyo turned off General. Then he came back.

"Hahahat, these bastards. There are quite a lot of them. Hahahat."

"....."

“If this is the case, I think a strategic retreat is in order *dot*. It is better.”

“Yes.”

“...Hu, huhut.”

The moment that Tiyo had devastated the caruk herd. On the left, a tremendous number of caruks were approaching. Their expressions were serious. They were breathing roughly towards Tiyo who harassed their people. They started to stomp on the ground.

“B-Bring it! Hahahat!”

Tiyo said while moving backward. The ground shook.

Dududududu!

The caruks rushed fiercely towards Crockta’s group. Anor shrieked and ran away. Tiyo followed but he had short legs and didn’t gain much speed. Crockta sighed and grabbed Tiyo. They started to escape.

The caruks chased after them. Crockta also snatched up Anor while running. After placing Tiyo and Anor on his shoulders, he picked a terrible terrain that the caruks would find hard to follow him on and escaped.

The caruks pursued.

“Damn! Everybody get lost!”

Tiyo started to fire General from Crockta’s shoulder. However, that just made the caruks angrier.

“...Sorry *dot*.”

Tiyo apologized as he watched the caruks charging wildly with bloodshot eyes. Crockta couldn’t see behind him but he could guess the situation. He quietly whispered.

“Bul’tar...”



Crockta's group, who ended their chase with the caruks, decided to camp under a large rock. The sun was setting and darkness descended. The shape of the moon became clear.

He put an old iron pot over the campfire. Then they placed the meat received from Nameragon in the water. A few simple ingredients were added to make it a great meal. Tiyo tasted the spices.

"Kiing..."

Tiyo glanced over at the caruk. The caruk whined because it was terrified of death.

"It doesn't seem to be delicious *dot...*"

"We have to ride it tomorrow."

"Too bad *dot...*"

They barely managed to capture two caruks. Crockta would ride one, while Tiyo would share the other with Anor.

"If we eat that guy then let Anor raise the bones..."

"What are you talking about?!"

"It was just a suggestion *dot.*"

Tiyo licked his lips. Then Tiyo started taking care of General while Crockta added more branches to the campfire. Anor was playing with the caruks.

Only the sound of the campfire could be heard. Stars were shining in the sky. It was a beautiful scenery. Crockta stared blankly at the sky. After finding out that it wasn't a game, he admired the scenery of Elder Lord once more.

The sound of footsteps was heard.

".....?"

Crockta turned his head.

A group of dark elves was walking in the distance. The light of the campfire hit them, allowing their appearances to gradually be seen. There were three hooded dark elves. The man in the lead was walking comfortably with a staff.

Crockta greeted them first. "Hey, are you alive?"

He stopped and looked at Crockta, before slowing moving again. "For tonight, is it okay if we share the campfire?"

"It is okay. We are just lacking food.

"We have enough food. If you have any complaints, we will share it with you"

"Okay."

He took off his hood. He looked younger compared to his voice. The dark elf in the front was the only one to speak and his followers didn't open their mouths.

"Where are you heading?"

"Spinoa."

"Hoh, a gnome, orc and dark elf heading to Spinoa..."

He smiled and looked at Crockta's face. Crockta instantly knew who he was. Since reaching the Pinnacle, he had a keen sense for the surrounding environment. It might be a good hunch. The magic power in the environment was flowing around this man in a favorable manner. It was like it was welcoming him.

Obviously, he was a magician with an affinity to nature.

"It isn't strange in this age."

Crockta called his name, "... Jamero."

CHAPTER 102

HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN (2)

Jamero's expression didn't change as he nodded.

"You are Crockta. Hello."

"I am alive." Crockta gestured to an empty seat as he welcomed Jamero, "Sit down."

"Thank you."

He sent a glance to the two elves following him and they immediately unpacked, pulling food out of a large backpack. Tiyo's eyes widened.

"Good prey. Welcome *dot*."

Tiyo and Anor rose and received the food they handed over. They immersed themselves in the cooking. There was only the iron pot so they eventually decided to boil it all together. But Tiyo and Anor listened once the dark elves started talking.

They were making stabbing motions with a twig. Was it a skewer? Maybe something new might come out.

He looked at them before turning back to Jamero. "You came from Spinoa."

"Yes." He looked at Crockta and asked, "What do you see?"

"You are strange."

He raised his hand, causing a faint ember to float out from the fire. It looked like a mini firecracker. The mysterious appearance caught Crockta's eyes. The small ember turned blue.

"What do you feel when you see this?"

It was like the color of a kitchen gas fire. Crockta unconsciously muttered, "Complete combustion..."

Oxygen and heat were supplied in a sufficient amount to burn without leaving any byproducts. It was complete combustion. If this wasn't satisfied and the combustion was incomplete, a red flame would burn.

Jamero looked at Crockta's face with a curious expression. Ah, Crockta regretted what he just said. He was using words from Earth. It might be hard for Jamero to understand. But Jamero showed an unexpected reaction.

"You, won't you become a magician?"

He put out the ember and leaned towards Crockta. Crockta quickly withdrew and said, "What are you saying? I am a warrior."

"What do you think magic is?"

Crockta couldn't answer. He had devoted himself to becoming a warrior. He didn't touch the skills or abilities of any other class. Just like a mother buying clothes, he learned only the skills he needed to move through the rough world of Elder Lord.

Then he received this question. What was magic? If Elder Lord was another dimension, where did the strange ability that was impossible in his world come from? Users could acquire magic through the system, but how did the residents of this place create such a miracle?

Crockta stared at Jamero. He smiled and said, "You don't need to think so hard. It is an easy answer. A question with no answer."

Crockta was troubled. He was just Crockta the orc warrior. Furthermore, the words 'complete combustion' had already attracted Jamero's interest. That's why he received an offer to become a magician.

Crockta didn't want to give a disappointing answer. Crockta's head became tense. However, he pasted a casual expression on his face.

Crockta started to speak, "The world is made up of earth, fire, wind, and water."

"Hoh... the elements..."

"But..."

Crockta recalled the heart of his child self. That mindset spoke through Crockta towards a magician in Elder Lord.

“There is one more thing.”

“A fifth element. What is it?”

“That...”

Crockta pointed to Jamero’s chest instead of answering. He followed Crockta’s fingertips and his eyes shone as Jamero realized that Crockta was pointing at his heart.

“Heart.”

“.....!”

“Earth, fire, wind, water, and the heart, if those five powers are gathered...”

Jamero’s eyes increasingly grew larger at Crockta’s answer. Crockta seemed to hum his reply.

“This is a beautiful world, a beautiful world...”

Crockta’s fingertips now turned towards the sky. The sky in the north. As the seasons passed, the constellations looked different but they always touched the hearts of the people. The universe. The sight was imprinted on Jamero. A sea of stars seemed to be falling down towards him.

“We use our hearts to move the four elements that make up the world.”

He added the word ‘heart’ thanks to the glimpse he saw of the Hero rank. Crockta proclaimed towards Jamero who was still staring up at the sky.

“I think that change is magic.”

Applause was heard from behind Crockta. The two dark elves who followed Jamero were clapping. Anor and Tiyo were piercing meat with sticks beside them.

“You are really amazing.” Jamero nodded. “The fact that you instinctively realized this despite your young age and the fact that you are a warrior...”

“Ten Thousand Flow Gathering School!”

“Hah...!”

Jamero nodded. The other dark elves looked even more impressed. Tiyo and Anor were ignoring the nonsense and placing the skewered meat in the campfire. The stew that they have been making was enriched with more ingredients and smelled delicious.

Now everyone sat around the campfire. Jamero spoke to Crockta again. “I was a born magician. So I always worried. If the power transmitted through blood was the only case of the mysterious phenomenon of magic.”

Anor nodded. He also became a necromancer due to his mother’s lineage.

“But there was a gradual understanding as I kept training. Magic is the power of the heart reacting to the world and creating change. I was born with a talent that allowed my heart to reach the world through magic...”

He looked proud. “Crockta. You will also learn magic.”

“It isn’t necessary for a warrior.”

“It is obvious that you already feel magic. Such instinctive senses is an essential quality for a magician.”

Tiyo and Anor were turning the skewers.

“Please take this.”

Jamero handed him something. It was a book.

“The youngest son of the...?”

Jamero nodded.

“The author was born the youngest son of a magic family and persecuted, but eventually wrote this masterpiece thanks to intense research and effort. It is a new type of education that uses the style of autobiographical storytelling and effective training to make the reader unable to put it down. It is the most recommended magic

tutorial. Take it.”

Crockta accepted it.

[Magic Tutorial has been acquired.]

[The conflict between the warrior class and magician class will slow down the acquisition of magic skills.]

[Are you sure you want to learn magic?]

System messages appeared. The system messages hadn’t been seen for a while.

Crockta frowned. It was apparently the gray woman. The fact that she was watching made Crockta feel bad.

Jamero seemed to misunderstand his expression. “Don’t worry too much. As a favor to me, just take a look.”

“Thank you.”

Jamero didn’t want to place any more burden on him so he didn’t say anything else about magic. Instead, he praised Tiyo’s cooking skill. “The skill of your gnome friend is excellent.”

“Huhu, real men should know how to cook *dot*.”

He just skewered the meat and placed the remaining meat in the pot, but Tiyo shrugged.

“What is Spinoa like? Is the world tree really big?”

“It is really big. A beautiful place. You will be surprised as well.”

Anor was filled with expectations. He was a dark elf but he had never been outside Nuridot. To see the world tree in Spinoa was the dream of all the dark elves in the

north.

“You should take a close look. It is a place we have to protect.” Jamero declared.

The atmosphere became tense.

“The orc chieftain is currently crazy. He probably... it is clear that he is bewitched.”

“What do you mean?”

“Now isn’t the time. You will know once you go to Spinoa. Anyway, he seems unable to make rational judgments. He only wants war and destruction. If he takes the north and then the rest of the continent, what will remain after that?”

“.....”

“A series of infinite tribulations. Disputes and slaughter will repeat throughout the world. That is what he wants, and it is our worst future.”

Jamero looked at them. “Meet Zekian in Spinoa.”

Zekian was the name of the leader of the dark elves. All dark elf villages and cities in the north were loosely under his control. It was known that he communicated with the world tree to make the right decisions for the dark elves.

Crockta nodded. There was probably an important reason to call them to Spinoa.

“Zekian is expecting you. Hahaha. Zekian waiting for an orc, I never imagined it.” He laughed.

All the food was finally cooked.

Each person placed a skewer in their mouths. Unlike the stereotype of elves being vegetarian, they knew how to eat meat properly. In particular, Jamero ordered the dark elves to bring out more meat.

New meat was placed on the fire.

“Good.”

Anor laughed, "It would be nice if this trip could continue."

Anor was enjoying himself after leaving Nuridot. Their stay at Gushantimur's lair, Nameragon and this campsite, Anor wanted this time to continue. It was a bright expression that couldn't be seen in Nuridot.

"It will continue." Crockta smiled and replied, "After catching the great chieftain."

Anor's eyes widened. "It will continue even after that?"

"This brat, what is with those eyes? Why do you even need to ask *dot*?"

Tiyo placed Anor in a headlock. Anor struggled.

"I-It hurts. Hurts... fuc...!"

Tiyo blocked his mouth before Anor could curse and released him. Anor scratched his head.

"Since you only lived in Nuridot, you should see the continent beyond the north *dot*. This Tiyo will show you the continent."

"You haven't even been outside Quantas."

"...Shut up *dot*." Tiyo said energetically. "Good *dot*, after killing the great chieftain, we will commemorate the peace with a parade around the continent. A pilgrimage around the continent!"

Anor's eyes shone. Then Jamero chimed in, "It is good to be young."

"Jamero, how old are you that you are pretending to be an old man *dot*?"

"Let's see... I haven't counted after I turned 350."

".....!"

He was an aging dark elf, despite his young appearance. The elves had twice the lifespan of humans. For human, 70 was already an old man.

"O-Old...!"

“Uhuh!”

Jamero waved his hand and an unknown force grabbed Tiyo’s collar. Tiyo floating in the air. As his footing disappeared, he started struggling.

“W-What did you do? What is this *dot*?”

“For a gnome who can’t honor an adult, I shouldn’t let his feet touch the ground.”

Tiyo floated up to Crockta’s height and frantically struggled. “S-Stop *dot*!”

Crockta and Anor burst out laughing.

Magic was a mysterious force. The energies around Tiyo were picking him up according to Jamero’s will. The flow through Crockta’s sixth sense was beautiful. It wasn’t bad to learn it once.

Crockta nodded. The system message that he had turned off popped up again. There was an oddly pleased tone.

[The just warrior Crockta has learned magic. How far will he go? Introduction to Magic (Common) has been learned. Congratulations!]

CHAPTER 103

SPINOA (1)

Crockta's group said farewell to Jamero.

But Crockta had a hunch that they would meet again soon. That place would probably be the battlefield.

He discovered things about Jamero after spending camping together. At first glance, both his wisdom and magic power were at an amazing level. The tough remarks about the Great Clan made Crockta realize that Jamero was a man who didn't avoid fights.

A scene where they would fight together was drawn. A huge battlefield where he received the support of a magician's firepower. It would be huge.

In the past, Crockta hadn't wanted to start Elder Lord. But now he had to go on for himself. If he didn't fight then he would lose his principles. Nevertheless, the world was still unknown.

"Eh eh?"

Anor, who was riding the caruk behind Tiyo, suddenly turned his head. Tiyo asked what was wrong, but Anor just laughed and said it was nothing. But he had a strange expression on his face.

"Um."

Crockta realized the reason why and nodded. After learning Introduction to Magic, Crockta could see more of the world than he could before. If his skill Heart and Soul Penetration gave him information for fighting, Introduction to Magic made him more sensitive to the flow of the world.

'Sasasasasaaaah...'

A faint aura of death was rising from the rocks under them. It was from those who already died. The black flow was scattered here and there. Someone famous might be buried there. It was unknown, but the rush of aura couldn't be stopped. Time would

dilute it.

As Anor was a born necromancer, he would be able to see more than Crockta. Crockta realized that Anor's face occasionally turned dark because he was seeing something like this.

"Anor."

"Huh?"

Crockta threw something. Anor's hand stretched out and he caught it.

"Ah. Thank you very much."

It was some jerky that they had received from Jamero.

"What, why aren't you giving me any *dot*? I am the one steering the caruk while that guy is just riding comfortably!"

Crockta pretended not to know anything and chewed on the last piece of jerky.

"Aiiish!"

Tiyo kicked the caruk, causing it to run faster. Anor was surprised and nearly dropped his jerky.

"Shit...!"

"What? Try swearing *dot*!"

"Hu... I will endure it."

"Pretending to be an adult...!"

Tiyo made the caruk run faster. They gradually moved away from Crockta. Crockta chewed on the jerky and stroked the head of the caruk carrying him.

"Can you go?"

The caruk seemed to nod and started running. They ran through the northern plains.

The landscape passed.

Tiyo and Anor playfully arguing could be heard from far away. The sound of the wind touched his ears. He could hear the wings of the birds flying in the sky and the cries of insects on the ground.

After becoming a warrior, the landscape of the world that Crockta saw had changed. Once he received Introduction to Magic, he also saw something different. If he wanted to change the world, he had to change himself.

A smile flashed on his face.

[Status Window]

‘One who wants to become a hero’ Crockta, Orc Warrior.

Level: 71

Achievement Points: 642500

Assimilation: 88%

Abilities:

Peerless Mountain Seizing Strength (Pinnacle)

Regeneration Authority (Pinnacle)

Leyteno’s Heart Swordsmanship (Pinnacle)

Extreme Fighting Spirit (Pinnacle)

Heart and Soul Penetration (Pinnacle)

Tattoos of War, Honor, and Fighting Spirit (Pinnacle)

Army Crushing Roar of Madness (Pinnacle)

Creatures Butcher (Essence)

Gray God's Eyes (Outside the Ratings)

Introduction to Magic (Common)]

Among the list of spectacular skills that were Essence and Pinnacle ranked, one Common rank stood out alone like a sore thumb. But Crockta could feel that the Common ranked Introduction to Magic was affecting the rest of his abilities.

Crockta knew that Elder Lord wasn't a game, but a real world. He was assisted by the gray woman through the system, but eventually, everything Crockta obtained was his own strength. Everything was connected to a small element. He wanted to learn more.

[You have discovered the knack of steering the caruk. The righteous warrior Crockta has learned Riding Technique (Common). Fighting!]

It felt like the system was trying to interject.

"We want to arrive in Spinoa today, Crockta *dot!*"

Tiyo shouted from far away. Crockta rode faster on the caruk after learning Riding Technique. He got closer to Tiyo and Anor. Tiyo screamed and sped up.

"Anor!"

"Yes!"

"Think about it *dot!*"

"What?"

"As a native of Quantas, I protected the city! Now I am going to the largest dark elf city in the north *dot!*" Tiyo grinned. "The people in my hometown won't be able to imagine

this *dot*! Kuhahahahahat!"

Tiyo fired General towards the sky.

"It is thanks to Crockta *dot*!"

"You're welcome."

"I can't be satisfied with the narrow world of Quantas anymore! Kiyoooh!" Tiyo showed his tricks on top of the caruk. "Go *dot*!"

Tiyo shot General towards the sky again.

Peng! The magic bullet exploded.

".....!"

Anor grabbed Tiyo, who fell with surprise. Tiyo and Anor groaned.

"....."

Tiyo frowned and hurriedly restored his posture. "W-What was that *dot*?"

Something flew and pierced Tiyo's magic bullet. Was it an enemy?

Crockta and Tiyo reduced the speed of their caruks and slowly advanced. They climbed a high hill, revealing the vast landscape beyond it.

".....!"

The mouths of Crockta's group dropped open.

It was enormous. One of the pillars holding up the world. The world tree. It felt like a mountain. Spinoa's landscape that was centered around the world tree looked like a toy. The leaves of the world tree cast shade on the whole city. Even the high walls of Spinoa seemed small compared to one of the branches of the world tree.

"That is the world tree..." Tiyo muttered.

Anor was thrilled. He felt something else because he was an elf, so his cheeks turned

red and his shoulders shook. Crockta was also overwhelmed since he saw this scene for the first time. Just looking at it caused something to rise in this chest. The flow of the atmosphere around the world tree touched his skin.

“Look *dot*.”

Tiyo pointed to something on the walls. There was a spire.

“Someone shot at my General from there *dot*.”

“From that far away?”

“I don’t know the details but judging from Quantas, I think it is a very sophisticated magic device.”

Crockta viewed the spectacular sight of the world tree. It felt like a fairytale, with the continent war and cry of the chieftain seeming far away.

The caruks cried out.

“Let’s go.”

Crockta opened his mouth and said. He regained his spirit. They descended the steep hill. The caruks slowly headed towards Spinoa.



“I will check your identities,” said the dark elf guard.

Crockta gave the credentials that he received from Radet. The guard took it and confirmed the authenticity. Crockta looked around Spinoa’s gates as he waited for permission. Nuridot and Nameragon were of no comparison.

It included the attitude of the guards. Unlike Nameragon’s defense captain who insulted Crockta, they treated him without any emotions. It was the same for the other people as well. The guards checked everybody that came, even the dark elves.

When he saw them, Crockta suddenly missed Orcrox. The orc guards who guarded Orcrox like stone statues! He told them his name and left for a long time. Now he was in Spinoa in the north.

“Crockta. It is nice to meet you.”

The guard returned. He returned the pass and politely asked for a handshake. Crockta shook hands instead of holding out his fist.

“Crockta. Stay alive.”

“I was waiting for you. Someone will soon come from the world tree. Can you wait a minute?”

“I understand.”

“This way.”

It seemed like the world tree acted as the city hall. Crockta imagined the elves digging there to create a shelter. They would soon be able to enter Spinoa.

“Ohh...!”

Tiyo felt admiration. Crockta also looked around for a while.

Some of the most developed cities that Crockta had ever seen on the continent were probably Quantas and Arnin, but now Spinoa was comparable to them. Dark-skinned dark elves stared at them.

“This is the dark elves’ capital.” Anor shrugged. “Nuridot is like a stable compared to this place.”

“.....”

They stayed for a while at the guard’s office beyond the gate. They followed another guard.

“If you sit here, people from the world tree will come.”

The guard seemed a lot younger. He had an excited face. Crockta sat down. The guard stood beside Crockta. It was a reaction commonly seen towards celebrities. Tiyo and Anor shook their heads at the sight.

“I’ve heard a lot about you. It is an honor to meet you.”

“Don’t do that. It is embarrassing.”

He said that, but Crockta’s face was pleased. The guard looked at Tiyo, who looked away.

“Kulkul.”

They had done a lot in the north, so they should be treated like this. Crockta stretched out and let Ogre Slayer peek through. The guard responded immediately.

“That is a huge weapon!”

Crockta grinned at the surprised voice. He shrugged and explained. “Yes. This is my friend and lover, my sword! Wow...”

“This is General!” Crockta stopped. The guard’s eyes shone as he kept talking. “I know about General that quickly dismissed the rebels. I heard there were splendid flashes of light and all the orcs were defeated!”

“.....”

Crockta’s face stiffened, but he didn’t try to stop it.

“I respect you. Tiyo!”

“.....”

Tiyo touched Crockta, who was standing beside him. “Get out of the way *dot*.”

“.....”

Crockta rose politely. Tiyo sat down in his spot. Crockta stood beside Anor who looked out the window humbly. He placed both hands in front of his belly and said to Anor, “Hum hum, Spinoa’s architectural style is wonderful. Hum.”

“.....”

Anor patted his shoulder.

The guard was confused because he couldn’t understand the situation. As Tiyo started

boasting about General, the guard realized his error and smiled awkwardly at Crockta.

“I say this *dot*! This General! Eh? Fire it once! The enemies are just so-so!”

After a while, a person from the world tree finally came. The uniform was different.

Spinoa’s residents were dressed in the dark elves’ usual plain clothes, while the dark elf who came to them was wearing clothing that seemed to come from Greek mythology, just like the residents of Arnin. His eyes were a bright purple.

He examined Crockta’s party.

“Crockta. Tiyo. Anor.” He looked at the correct party member every time he called a name. “It is nice to see you. Zelkian is waiting.”

Crockta’s expression changed.

The messenger from the world tree. On his forehead was a shining white mark in the shape of a branch.

CHAPTER 104

SPINOA (2)

Crockta's eyes widened as he found the white branch-like pattern on the forehead. But it slowly disappeared. Crockta examined the face again but the white pattern didn't appear anymore.

Tiyo and Anor didn't show any signs of agitation. They didn't seem to have seen the pattern. What was it?

"Please follow me."

Crockta's group followed the messenger. The guard who guided the party spoke from behind. "Leave your caruks to us."

"Thank you."

As Crockta's group walked out of the guards' office, a carriage could be seen. However, it was driven by caruks instead of horses. The messenger led them towards it. Crockta and his companions climbed on.

The caruks moved. The messenger was silent.

Crockta spoke first, "What did he call us for?"

The messenger sitting across from Crockta looked at him with an indifferent look as he answered, "Zelkian will explain directly."

Crockta looked at his forehead but the white branch that he previously saw wasn't there. The conversation didn't continue so Crockta observed the landscape of Spinoa.

The streets of Spino were similar to those in Arnin, and didn't show any signs of imminent war. Merchants were buying and selling goods while lovers tenderly walked down the road. Sometimes he saw children running around in groups.

But that thought changed as they headed deeper inside.

Lightly armed dark elves were experiencing tactical training.

At the training grounds, arrows were constantly flying towards targets while elsewhere, dark elves with shields and swords were practicing. Like gladiators in an arena, those competing in a one-on-one match could be seen.

It was an army.

“They are better than any dark elves I’ve seen dot,” admired Tiyo.

As he said, their skills were above any other garrison they had ever seen. All of them were training seriously with determined faces. They were the faces of those who knew they might die soon and were committed to killing.

The messenger still didn’t say anything. Crockta looked at his face and their eyes suddenly met. He silently stared at Crockta, who didn’t avoid his gaze.

The messenger finally opened his mouth to ask, “Who is the strongest enemy that you have ever fought?”

Crockta carefully thought about the answer. He had suffered in many battles, but choosing one enemy out of them all as the strongest wasn’t easy. Gushantimur popped up but he wasn’t an enemy. If it was an enemy who he fought on the threshold of life and death...

“Behemoth.”

The fight at that time had been terrible. He thought he would die several times. If the Demon’s Mouth hadn’t swallowed the unidentified remains, the behemoth would’ve regenerated infinitely and eventually kill him.

“Behemoth.”

The messenger nodded as if he knew the beast.

“Have you see it?”

“No.”

“How...?”

It was a monster below the border. The messenger didn't answer the question but instead spoke about something else.

"In the future, the fight will be much stronger than that."

".....!"

"Please accept my prayers."

Then he fell silent again.

There was only one enemy he had to fight in the future. The orc chieftain, Calmahart.

He was a hurdle that Crockta had to overcome. A monster with a huge body that seemed to be different from normal orcs. Every time he wielded an axe, the enemy was torn in two. When he roared, the nearby enemies would have their ears burst. He was known as a mutant orc that had never existed in history before.

But even so, for him to be stronger than the behemoth?

Crockta touched Ogre Slayer on his back.



"We've arrived."

Outside the carriage window, the figure of the world tree could be seen. The translucent leaves that occasionally fell down were solid but scattered a faint light.

Anor spoke in a dreamy tone, "Beautiful."

The caruks stopped and the group descended from the carriage. The roots of the world tree were exposed. There was an opening between the roots. It looked like an entrance.

The messenger pointed and said, "Over there."

It led inside the world tree. Crockta's group followed. The interior was surprisingly bright. Crockta looked around. There was no specific light source, but the inside was bright like there were light bulbs.

Crockta placed his fingers on the wall. It was a rough bark texture. Then light leaked faintly from it.

“Um...”

The world tree itself emitted a dim light that illuminated the inside. It truly was a mysterious tree. As they entered a little inside, guards stopped them. The guards identified the messenger and stepped out of the way.

Their eyes moved over Crockta’s group. “Enter.”

The guards opened the door without any special procedures. Then the inside of the world tree was revealed.

“It is unbelievable.”

“Wow...”

It was the appearance of a building they never imagined would be present inside the tree. There was a big lobby when they entered. In the center of the lobby was a beautifully decorated staircase that went up and corridors leading to the left and right. There were doors all over the place and passing dark elves bowed to them. It was inside the world tree so the walls were covered in the distinctive translucent green leaves.

“How did you do this?” Crockta asked.

This was impossible in the modern world where he lived.

“We didn’t do anything.” The messenger smiled. It was the first time seeing that expression on his face. “The world tree made this for us and we are just staying in it for a while.”

Based on the explanation, it wasn’t made artificially but the world tree had willingly done it for them.

Crockta felt his heart pounding. The world of Elder Lord was really mysterious.

“Zelkian is at the top. Let’s go.”

They climbed the spiral staircase made of wood. The landscape changed little by little every time they climbed a floor. After a long time, the stairs finally ended. There was no place to go up anymore but there was no floor to step on. The stairs literally ended in thin air. The interior of the world tree was empty, and there was a huge void above their head.

“This place?”

Tiyo looked down at the breathtaking view before tightly holding onto the stairs. He seemed to be afraid of heights.

“Wait a minute.”

Anor was confused by the words. They soon understood what the messenger meant.

“Ah...”

A big branch was descending towards the end of the stairs.

It was large and flat enough for many people to stand on it. There were twigs and leaves hanging from it, and it shook like a living creature as it touched the end of the stairs. The messenger jumped on top of it then Crockta’s group boarded in turn.

The branch slowly started to rise.

“How wonderful...” Tiyo muttered blankly.

This was possible due to the abilities of the world tree. The branch rose for a while before stopping. The gazes of Crockta’s party turned to one side. There was a passage leading outside. The branch led them towards it. The group followed the messenger and went outside the world tree.

Then they became flustered.

“Wah...”

“Oh my god.”

“Wow...”

The sunset was right in front of them. Everything from the sunset to the rest of the world spread out before their eyes. The plains and mountains in the distance, the animals on the small hills, Spinoa and the elves. The landscape of the world looked like small toys. The blazing red sunset cast long shadows on the earth and all the beings of the world seemed to be gazing at the sunset with them.

It was a beautiful scenery that couldn't be imagined. Crockta's party forgot themselves for a while as they admired the scenery.

Then a voice was heard, "Welcome."

Crockta's group turned towards the voice. They were on a branch of the world tree so movement was inconvenient. Crockta lowered his center of gravity and looked around. Tiyo quietly grabbed Crockta's clothing. It was clear that he was suffering from a fear of heights.

The owner of the voice couldn't be seen.

At that moment. "This way!"

Below.

Crockta looked down. Then he became flustered again.

"...What *dot*?"

A dark elf. He was climbing up the world tree.

Kwajik!

The small pickaxe in his hand pierced the surface of the world tree. He relied on it to climb up and patted the bark of the world tree. As his footing stabilized, he used the pickaxe and climbed up again.

Kwajik!

The bark of the world tree was pierced.

"....."

He climbed up the world tree and reached the branch where they were located. He sat down and wiped the sweat from his brow.

The messenger just closed his eyes like this was a natural sight.

Once the sweat was wiped up, he stood up and proclaimed, "I am Zelkian! I am the leader who leads the dark elves and he who communicates with the world tree!"

"....."

"....."

Crockta's party was speechless.

The leader of the dark elves, they expected him to be more like a dark elf than anyone else. They imagined a slim body with a calm attitude and wise eyes. But this man was very big. The burly Radet couldn't even be compared to him.

It couldn't be compared to Crockta but the muscles were more like a human than a dark elf. In addition, he was a dark elf whose hobby was climbing up the world tree!

"Climbing is truly the best exercise. It is a great thrill." Zelkian shrugged like he misunderstood their expressions. "I am a true climber who will climb to the end of the world tree."

"...Doesn't that damage it?" Crockta asked.

"No, no. The world tree isn't so stingy. As long as it is given water and sunshine, the wounds will recover... ouch!"

One of the branches of the world tree descended and hit his back.

"....."

It was a really bizarre sight. Zelkian was embarrassed about being hit and grumbled towards the world tree. Then another branch shook from behind him. He freaked out and ducked.

"S-Stop! You are really violent."

The branch slid back at his shout and he turned around again. He didn't say it but they seemed to hear a voice crying out 'there is no need to shout!'

"At any rate, welcome. Crockta! I really wanted to see you!"

Zelkian approached and hugged Crockta. Crockta could smell the sweat on him but refrained from saying anything.

"Wow, look at these muscles. Muscles. Crazy. Hey Jenadu, come and touch. Hey, Jenadu."

Zelkian turned around while still hugging Crockta. He called out the name of the apostle who led Crockta's group.

"Does Crockta exercise a lot? How many kilograms? Do you eat chicken breast after exercising? Do you receive any separate buffs?"

"....."

"Is it in your genes? Oh, you won't grow any bigger than this, right? The calves won't grow anymore even if you exercise."

Jenadu approached silently and pulled Zelkian. He was taken away. "Zelkian. Get to why you called them."

"Ah. Yes." Zelkian's gaze became serious.

Now it seemed like the real conversation. Crockta's group straightened their postures. They were enjoying a leisurely moment right now, but a great war was occurring in the north.

"Crockta."

"Speak."

Zelkian hesitated and opened his mouth, "Don't you think it is a foul to enhance your body with buffs?"

The branch of the world tree appeared again to hit his back.

“Ah, it was just a joke.”

He scratched his head.

Then he looked again at Crockta, Tiyo, and Anor and said, “Crockta. Tiyo. Anor. I heard so much about you. People who came from the continent, possibly the ones who opened up the border. Heroes. As far as I can see, you are against the Great Clan.”

Crockta nodded. Zelkian folded his arms.

“You are strong enough. But... you need to become stronger in order to fight against the Great Clan in the future.”

“Is he that strong?”

“You can’t win against the great chieftain with just strength.”

The branches of the world tree moved next to Zelkian. Zelkian looked at it for a moment like he was sympathetic. It was a way of exchanging words without any sound.

Zelkian nodded. “Crockta. And to the other two as well, the world tree wants to say this.”

Zelkian’s expression was serious. He stopped before delivering the message to Crockta and winked at the world tree. The branches of the world tree waved. It seemed like a signal to continue.

“Hoo... okay. It can’t be helped this time. I understand. It is inevitable.”

He scratched his head with a bittersweet expression before pointing to the world tree.

“This guy told me to say this.”

Then he pointed towards Crockta and shouted, “You, become my apostle!”

CHAPTER 105

GREAT NORTHERN WAR (1)

Crockta shook his head at Zekian's words.

He couldn't become an apostle. Crockta already had a star on his forehead. He connected to Elder Lord and became her apostle. Furthermore, he didn't want to mortgage his body to someone else.

Zekian looked depressed at Crockta's rejection.

"There are many good things if you become an apostle. You can become stronger. You might get nice muscles like me."

He showed off his burly arm, flexing his muscles to the limit.

"I will also reject *dot*." Tiyo replied. Zekian gazed at Tiyo. "If I become an apostle, I will definitely be given duties as well as strength *dot*."

"That's right."

"I won't be bound to anyone *dot*. I will become stronger by myself *dot*."

"Umm..."

The branches of the world tree swayed like tentacles. The man's arm was still in the pose. He seemed to be in shock from the continuous rejections.

Then Zekian's gaze landed on Anor. Anor was a dark elf. Expectations filled Zekian's eyes. The world tree was sacred to dark elves, unlike orcs and gnomes. Therefore, any dark elf would consider this opportunity an honor. But Anor also smiled and shook his head.

"No, why?" Zekian stretched out his arms. "The opportunity to become an apostle of the world tree isn't given to just anyone. It is a tremendous gift."

"But if I become an apostle of the world tree, will I eventually be bound here?"

“Of course. It is a blessing to be with the world tree.”

“Then no.” Anor looked at Crockta and Tiyo. “I have to go to the continent with them.”

He had promised Crockta and Tiyo before coming here. Anor hadn’t forgotten that they agreed to explore the continent together. It was his most important goal.

Zelkian nodded. “If it is friendship... it can’t be helped.”

Zelkian nodded. The world tree shook its knotted branches as if it understood.

“It will be a little harder but it can’t be helped. Don’t regret it.” Zelkian touched the world tree. “This was why I called you here, but it can’t be helped if you refuse.”

He turned his gaze towards the distant sunset. His face was red. Zelkian looked at it for a while before turning around.

“Follow me.”

They entered the world tree again. They rode a branch downstairs. They reached the upper level of the stairs.

Zelkian led them to his office. It was a desolate room with only one desk. However, the moment that Crockta’s group entered the office, the floor started to rise behind them. The wood on the floor created chairs. Crockta confirmed with his own eyes what it meant by the world tree creating this place. As they sat down in the chair, the table inside the office changed again. In addition, Tiyo’s chair rose further so he was at eye level with the others.

It was a custom interior. Branches representing the will of the world tree also appeared in the office. The tentacles moved freely but they were welcoming.

“Sit comfortably.” Zelkian shrugged. They could feel his pride in the power of the world tree. “Now let me tell you what to do.”

The table changed. The wooden surface continuously moved up and down, creating a contour. It was the north. The world tree had created an elaborate embossed map. Crockta’s group was filled with admiration. The branches of the world tree hit the table.

Zelkian pointed to Spinoa where they were located.

“We are here.” Then he pointed to the south, to the home of the Great Clan. “The great chieftain is here.”

Then he drew an arrow on the table with a pen and marked a path. The area of the orcs was expanding and advancing into the area of the dark elves. There were already battles occurring at the boundaries of the dark elf area.

“It doesn’t matter. Strategy and tactics aren’t important.” Zelkian drew a circle. “They will reach this place in a week.”

He drew a line from the circle and pointed the arrow towards the center of the dark elves. Then he wrote down the word ‘monster’ within the circle.

“You have to stop this guy.”

The great chieftain.

“Is the great chieftain that strong *dot*? Aren’t you an apostle of the world tree?” Tiyo asked.

As an apostle of the world tree, it was clear that he had some power. Zelkian shook his head. “An apostle isn’t invincible. And...”

Zelkian stabbed the word monster again with his pen.

“That bastard... I think he is also an apostle.”

“Apostle?”

“Yes. A senseless guy.”

“Apostle, whose apostle is he?”

Crockta remembered her. The system had given him an unknown power. If he looked at the name ‘Gray God’s Eyes’, it was likely that the woman was the gray god and a fallen god. The world tree also seemed to be such a divine being.

Was this war a fight between gods? Which god gave strength to the great chieftain?

“I can’t be sure, since I don’t know that much about orcs.”

Crockta’s Heart and Soul Penetration said that Zelkian had a strong force. There was a formidable strength inside him. But Zelkian was seriously wary of the orc chieftain. He seemed to think that the orc chieftain was stronger than him.

Crockta spoke, “So what do you want for us? Where should I fight?”

That was the key. No matter what his thoughts, they were going to war. Once he stepped on the battlefield, they had to be willing to shed the blood of their enemies. That was a soldier’s mission.

“Don’t think too hastily. We will be blocking so slowly...”

Crockta cut off Zelkian’s words and pointed to Nuridot. Then he pointed to the villages on the outskirts one by one. Zelkian was silent. They were places where fights were already taking place.

“We have to think quickly Zelkian. This isn’t like playing toy soldiers.”

“.....”

“The war has already begun. You seem to only be concerned with the orc chieftain, but there are a series of fights where people are dying. I don’t want to act leisurely. No, it seems like coming to Spinoa itself is a waste of time.”

Tiyo nodded in agreement.

“We have to go to the battlefield as soon as possible to avoid unnecessary damage *dot*. If you only called us to become apostles then we will be going.”

Zelkian didn’t say anything for a while. Then he nodded.

“I understand. I’ve been acting too leisurely.” Then he pointed to the branches of the world tree. “I’m connected to that guy... It seems like I have changed a lot.”

The world tree didn’t respond. It was a divine presence. Just like humans didn’t care about the lives of ants, it might think of the dark elves and orcs as small points on a map. Concentrating only on fighting the great chieftain, who seemed to be someone’s apostle, reflected that perception.

And that wasn't Crockta's point of view. The scenery he saw through the map was the sight of those bleeding on the front lines. It was the perspective of someone who thought every minute and second was precious.

"I'll give you quick caruks, so be ready to leave tomorrow. Move quickly from Spinoa."

"I understand."

Zelkian's face was relieved like he had changed his mind. "It is good that I met you. No one here tells me what to do."

He laughed bitterly. An apostle that communicated with the world tree. To the dark elves, he was like an agent of god.

"So..."

At the moment that Zelkian was talking...

Kukukung!

The world tree shook.

Crockta grabbed the table. Tiyo got off the chair and lowered his stance. Anor fell over.

"What is happening?" Crockta asked Zelkian. The branches of the world tree had disappeared like they were sucked somewhere else.

His expression was serious. "The world tree... attacked."

"What?"

"Come along."

Zelkian leapt out of his office. It was chaos inside the world tree. The dark elves within the world tree were confused. But that confusion stopped once Zelkian appeared.

"Maintain your positions."

"Yes."

“Let’s go.”

Crockta’s party followed Zelkian. They climbed the stairs then rode the branch of the world tree. The branches of the world tree were waiting for them. It rose in an instant. The movement wasn’t slow like earlier. They stopped at a point that could be called the center of the world tree. The world tree opened and they went outside.

On the large branches of the world tree, a sight they never imagined was revealed.

“.....!”

The bodies of wyverns were hanging all over the branches. There wasn’t just one. The wyverns were twitching as blood poured from their heads. The wyverns were wearing steel equipment on their heads and bodies. They flew over a large distance with this equipment and hit the world tree. The world tree was broken in places and sap was flowing down. It looked like blood.

“There aren’t any big injuries. It’s okay.”

The moment that Zelkian said this. Something started shaking on the wyverns’ bodies.

“.....!”

Crockta distinctively saw what it was. It was the same for Zelkian. They didn’t speak for a while.

“He really is... crazy chieftain *dot...*” Tiyo muttered.

The wyverns had bundles wrapped around their necks. They were...

Bizarre necklaces made of the heads of dark elves. The soulless faces were staring blankly into the air. It wasn’t just one or two. It was a terrible necklace made of dozens of dark elves. In addition, there were over 10 wyverns.

The heads of hundreds of dark elves were delivered towards the world tree. It was a warning from the great chieftain.

“That... bastard...” Zelkian’s voice trembled. His hands were shaking. A blue light seemed to explode in his eyes.

“That bastard...!”

His voice rang out through Spinoa. Zelkian, the apostle of the world tree was angry.

“Dare————!”

The whole world tree started twitching.

“I will surely kill Calmahart!”

Zelkian yelled out. Crockta raised a hand to his shoulder. It was meant to calm him down. Anor was already covering his ears due to the loud shouting. Zelkian slowly regained his composure.

“Hoo...”

Zelkian looked at the air. Then he gazed at Crockta. Fury was in his eyes.

“Crockta. You are right. I was thinking too easily.” He raised an arm to Crockta’s shoulder. “I am asking as an apostle of the world tree. Come with us and fight against the crazy chieftain.”

Crockta nodded. “Of course.”

“Thank you.”

“There is no time to delay.”

“It seems so.”

“Then tell me.” Crockta grinned. “Where should I go?”

Zelkian closed his eyes. He thought for a moment before opening it again.

“Emeranian.”

On the map that the world tree created, it was the place where the most intense battle was occurring. The place where the orcs were smashing against. The most dangerous front line.

Crockta grinned.

“I’ll willingly accept.”



The city on the verge of falling, Emeranian. Orc siege weapons were breaking down the walls.

There was a shadow walking towards the orcs of the Great Clan.

It was...

An enormous greatsword that couldn’t be ignored. A body covered in tattoos. An orc warrior.

It was the opening day of the Great Northern War.

CHAPTER 106

GREAT NORTHERN WAR (2)

The enemies knocked endlessly against the walls.

“Haaaah”

“Caska, there’s no time to breathe a sigh of relief.”

“I know, I know.”

She drew back her bowstring once again. Her job was to continuously pull the bowstring and launch projectiles until the walls collapsed. As soon as she pierced the head of an enemy with an arrow, she would fire a new arrow, providing the walls the possibility of lasting a little longer.

Now the enemies were near. The walls shook violently.

A magician’s flames fell in the middle of the enemies. However, the magic of the orc shaman stopped it from causing damage. The fireball spread and became hundreds of small sparks, disappearing into the air.

Where was the enemy shaman? Caska’s eyes swept the battlefield. Among all the orcs in shabby armor, she discovered an orc wearing a robe.

“Snipe the shaman.”

“I will do it as well.”

Caska and her boss pointed their arrows at the same time. It felt like the eyes of the shaman were facing towards them.

She aimed at his yellow eyes. Caska and the shaman’s eyes met across the long distance. It felt like he already knew everything about her. Nausea arose in her empty stomach.

Caska’s fingertips let go of the bowstring. Two arrows flew side-by-side, slicing

through the air towards the enemy's forehead and eyes. The shaman's staff waved once. The arrows stopped in front of the shaman's nose and turned around. The iron tip stared at them before following their own trajectory. Then they started to move along that path.

"Down!"

Caska threw herself flat down. The arrows were rushing back towards them.

Reversal.

Rattle.

There was a noise. Caska closed her eyes. Her right shoulder felt warm and she could smell blood. Her body was injured from throwing herself down so quickly.

This was a battlefield. Life and death were just fleeting moments.

She raised her body without looking back. Her supervisors had been changed many times, and the supervisor assigned to her today once again became a corpse at her feet.

"Died like a fool."

She drew back her bowstring. The shaman couldn't be seen. The arrow shook, with the tip of the arrow pointing down.

Orcs were climbing the walls. An orc was stepping on a ladder. The ladder was low and not really clinging to the wall, but they didn't look back and kept climbing up the walls like ants. The moment that one of the orcs stepped on the ladder, another followed behind.

Caska's arrow aimed at the head of the orc climbing up. She maintained eye contact with the orc while shooting.

It made her feel nauseous. The arrow headed downwards. The orc was pierced and fell. No, that was wrong. The orc behind him climbed up the ladder again without a change in expression.

Caska was fast. She loaded an arrow again. Then she fired. The orc died. The orc

positioned behind him climbed the ladder again. Kill and kill again, the soldiers repeated the same task like they were toys. There was no such thing as repeated failures.

“Caska! Do you have any arrows left?” questioned her colleague.

Caska checked her quiver and found that there were only two arrows left. She loaded one of the arrows. “No.”

“Damn! What are you doing?”

Caska carefully aimed the arrow as she ignored the voice in her ears. Two arrows left.

She was looking for the shaman who killed her boss. She looked around the entire battlefield in order to kill him, but all the orcs looked the same. How did these hateful guys gather such numbers to become an army? It was hard a hard feat, even if the whole species were all warriors. If all orcs carried a weapon, weren't they a cursed species?

“Filthy bastard.”

She found the shaman's face. The shaman was currently holding the staff and mumbling something. He had an escort to guard his defenseless body, but there was enough space for her arrow to penetrate.

She aimed the arrow, emptied her mind, and felt the flow with her body. It was like creating the most beautiful pottery. Just like the mindset of a potter creating the beautiful curve, she calmly pulled the bowstring.

She pulled the arrow back as far as possible as she imagined it piercing the neck of the orc. It was like choosing the dinner menu. The arrow left the bowstring. It converged on the target in the distance in an instant. The arrow pierced a neck.

Caska muttered, “How irritating.”

In the blink of an eye, the shaman's eyes widened as he stopped the chant and pulled the body of a guard towards him. The arrow hit the orc soldier instead of the shaman. The end of the pierced arrow stopped right before the orc shaman's nose.

She immediately pulled out a new arrow. There was still one left. The arrow flew

towards the back of the shaman as if it were aimed at an escaping enemy. But the speed of the shaman rose sharply. He moved more promptly than she expected.

Her arrow caught his calf. The shaman collapsed to the ground. He crawled while looking behind. She threw away her empty quiver and pulled out a dagger hanging from her waist.

She grabbed the head of the dead supervisor.

“What are you doing, Caska?”

“Shut up.”

Blood splattered everywhere as the brain burst apart. She firmly cut it apart and took out the arrow that had pierced his head. It was hot. She placed the blood-stained arrow on her bowstring. The hot blood of the supervisor painted her cheek as she pulled the arrow back. She could taste blood in her mouth.

Caska let out a terrible laugh.

“Really... annoying.”

Her arrow split the air. Everything else was nonsense. She wanted to kill. This wretched bastard, she needed to get rid of him. But the shaman muttered something and a barrier formed around him, causing her arrow to bounce off of it. The barrier collapsed from the hit. The arrow lost power and fell to the floor.

The shaman sighed with relief. Within seconds, the other orc soldiers surrounded him and became a protective shield.

Now she had no more arrows left. Caska laughed again before kicking the railing of the wall.

“Shit!”

“Caska.”

“Shit!” She grabbed the clothing of a colleague. “I will kill him, so give me an arrow.”

“No.”

“Why won’t you give me an arrow?” she loudly shouted.

The orcs were gradually climbing up the walls, but she had long since stopped paying attention. There was a supply station carrying arrows far away, but their turn was still far away.

“Don’t be a fool. Just use your knife.”

“I can’t use a knife!”

“I don’t care.”

“Hah.” She angrily kicked the body at her feet.

“Stop.” A colleague restrained her.

Caska glared at the shaman with bloodshot eyes. He was being escorted to the rear by the soldiers.

This shaman had been bothering them since the early days of the siege. He was the de facto commander. The warriors were always at the front fighting, while the one judging and directing the situation was the goddamn shaman.

At that moment, she saw something. “What is that?”

From the north, a big greatsword was shining under the hot sun. There was an orc carrying it on his shoulders. His whole body was full of primitive tattoos.

“A guy from the Great Clan.”

“But the appearance...”

The sword looked more like a flagpole than a weapon. He encountered the orc shaman’s group. They shouted at him. The orc with the greatsword didn’t answer and just lifted the greatsword from his shoulder.

She felt a horrified chill at the sight of the orc handling such a heavy object with only one hand. She could sense it. He didn’t belong to any category she had seen before. A new species.

At that moment. The greatsword cleaved the space horizontally. The soldiers, including the shaman, were split in half and their bodies flew into the air. Blood and organs were scattered all over the ground.

It was caused by a single slash.

“Ah...”

Her colleague’s mouth dropped open. Caska’s expression also froze. The orc stepped through the horror he created and approached the orcs attacking the walls.

Caska’s open mouth gradually changed into a smile.

Every time the orc swung his greatsword, more orcs would die. The orcs didn’t care about the rear and were clinging to the walls without any thought, as well as firing the siege weapons towards the gates.

The orc with the greatsword was strolling along behind them and taking down all the orcs. Blood flew in the air every time a life was taken. It was a blow that arrows couldn’t deal.

A feast of slaughter.

“Cool.” Caska’s shoulders trembled as she laughed. “Really cool, that orc...”

Kwaang!

The gates broke with a sound. Orcs started to be sucked towards the gate at once. The dark elves blocked the enemies with the spears, but it was like preventing an incoming tide. At that moment,

“————!”

A huge roar was heard. The dark elves and orcs turned towards the source of the sound. It was an overwhelming roar that made them forget this was a battlefield. At that moment, the ears of everyone in this place were shocked and tinnitus struck.

He said to the orcs. “Calmahart, he is a neophyte.”

The faces of the orcs changed at the insult to the great chieftain. To them, Calmahart

was a divine being. He was the leader who would make them rulers of the north, or even the world. This was an insult to the great chieftain. In addition, it came from an orc standing in front of a large army alone.

The orc continued speaking.

“Calmahart is a sissy and he will die by my hands.” He raised his greatsword. Then he smiled. “Are there any complaints?”

The orcs turned around.

“This crazy guy!”

“What are you doing?”

The orcs raised their weapons. The orc siege surrounding the gate and walls loosened.

“There are lots of complaints. Then...” The orc with the greatsword raised his hand.

Then he beckoned.

“Come.”

The orcs lost patience at his provocation. The orcs turned around. Then they turned and started running towards the lone orc. Like a swarm of ants climbing a tree, they sprang towards him. He was about to be surrounded by numerous orcs.

It was a desperate sight.

At that time, the supply cart came and gave arrows to Caska who had been watching. Caska reflexively grabbed the arrows before hurriedly loading an arrow on the bow she had thrown to the ground.

“What are you doing?” Caska shouted. “Support that guy! Recover your minds!”

She no longer cared about who was the leader. They died and she lived. Now she was the boss of this place. The dark elves regained their minds and started shooting arrows.

The orc was on the verge of being surrounded.

She exclaimed, "Don't let them kill him! Shoot like crazy!"

A rain of arrows enveloped the sky. A black light covered the earth. Orcs fell down like dominoes.

"It really isn't a joke..." Caska smiled and she continuously fired.

The blood of her boss had dried on her face. The smiling bloody face contained the madness of the battlefield.

Her colleague asked her, "That orc, he isn't dead?"

Right now, he couldn't be seen at all. She didn't know why an orc was fighting other orcs, or why he came alone.

"He won't die," Caska said with a smile. "If he doesn't die and survives the battle..."

She could see the brilliant light of his sword moving between the orcs. Orcs went flying all over the place. Caska trembled as she saw the intense eyes of the orc among the fountains of blood.

She declared in a laughing tone. "I will give my first kiss to that orc."

"Hey, hey."

Her arrow flew through the air and pierced the head of an orc soldier. She placed another arrow on her bowstring and laughed as she said, "Seriously."

CHAPTER 107

GREAT NORTHERN WAR (3)

The moment he arrived at Emeranian, there was a large group of orcs surrounding it and it seemed like it would be torn down at any minute.

Crockta got down from the caruk. Tiyo and Anor were still far behind him. Crockta had arrived here first on his caruk, due to his riding skill.

The number of arrows flying from the sky was gradually dwindling. The orcs climbing the ladders were close to the wall railing. The walls seemed on the verge of collapsing.

Crockta looked down. There was the body of a dark elf, staring up with white eyes. He looked at the dark elf's hands. Clean hands. It was a rare white hand that had never touched a weapon and had a ring on the finger.

Crockta kneeled down and closed the dark elf's eyes. He raised the elf's hand to his abdomen. An engraving on the ring entered his eyes.

A L Y A.

Was it his name or the name of his lover?

He moved his hand towards his chest.

“—.”

Crockta heard something. He heard it clearly. The eyes of the body seemed to be looking at him. Was it the wind, or the dark elf's voice?

He closed his eyes. After learning Introduction to Magic, Crockta's senses had woken up. He felt the world. His mind drifted towards the world around him, as he listened to the sound of the wind and saw the heart of the grass.

It was the first step of the miracle called magic.

Crockta opened his eyes.

The bright sunshine shone down unto the world as a voice revolved around the earth and the sky. No, it was really the wind.

It didn't matter. Crockta pulled out his greatsword.

"Don't worry." The wind blew again. The blades of grass lay flat down. "Lay down and watch."

Crockta walked forward. The castle looked like a sandcastle that was just about to be destroyed by an army of ants. Orcs with weapons were constantly beating at Emeranian. A slaughter was just around the corner.

It was a virtually impossible stage to perform on. However, the breeze blowing in the air pushed at him. How could he refuse that soft touch? Crockta followed the flow of the breeze and raised his greatsword.

He strode towards the back of the orcs. A group of orcs. There was a wounded shaman and soldiers escorting him. Crockta looked over towards the wall. There seemed to be a skillful sniper. They shouted at Crockta.

They were questions such as 'Who are you?' and 'Where did you come from?'

Crockta considered their questions.

Who was he? Where did he come from and where was he going?

He laughed. He brandished his greatsword.

The world slowed. The air vibrated. The particles of the world transformed and expanded. Ogre Slayer split the world. The bodies of the shaman and soldiers split in half and blood splattered out. It was Crockta's answer.

Crockta moved promptly. He cut the enemy's back without a sound. He eliminated the orcs heading towards Emeranian from the rear. The orcs waiting for their turn were stabbed. He broke the enemy's spine and cut through them.

In order to reduce the difference in numbers, all attacks needed to be done efficiently. Deadly blows. He didn't even need to check if he killed them.

"Kuheeok!"

He broke the enemy's breathing. The arrows of the dark elves gradually stopped. Maybe they were running out of arrows. However, the number of people noticing Crockta's presence had increased. Crockta smiled and exchanged swords with them.

Kwaang!

Kwaang!

Crockta's greatsword split an enemy as the gates fell. The scenery inside Emeranian and the faces of the dark elves were visible. Orcs were rushing towards the gate like crazy. It was like a tide towards Emeranian.

The dark elves formed a barricade and blocked the orcs with their spears, but the orcs just stepped on the dead bodies and swung their weapons at the dark elves. The area around the gate became soaked with blood. The orcs were now entering the interior like an angry wave.

Suddenly, Crockta stopped. The wind blew.

He nodded. Crockta took a deep breath. He gathered air in his lungs. The air was condensed deep inside. His steel-like body blew air out. Then he shouted.

"Bul'tarrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr———!"

The battle roar ripped through the air! Then the ground shook. The orcs blocked their ears and looked back. Some fell due to the momentum.

Crockta glanced them in turn. They wouldn't know the meaning of the word he just shouted. However, after this war was over. They would know the meaning.

Crockta grinned. He slowly opened his mouth.

“Calmahart, he is a neophyte.”

The orcs' expressions changed. It was like they didn't understand what they were hearing.

Crockta continued speaking. "Calmahart is a sissy and he will die by my hands."

The orcs grabbed their weapons. The provocation was enough to make them forget

about entering Emeranian. Crockta grinned.

“Are there any complaints?”

Crockta’s voice was heard clearly by everyone on the battlefield. The orcs turned from Emeranian to Crockta. The hostility aimed at taking down the castle, Crockta received it. Every hair on his body bristled. He couldn’t stand it and smiled.

The orcs in front of him were burning with a desire to kill him. But he didn’t feel afraid. The orcs yelled and cursed at Crockta. Countless insults and anger poured towards him.

Crockta nodded. “There are lots of complaints. Then...”

He raised his hands. The orcs and dark elves on the walls, thousands of eyes were pointed at him. He once again raised his hands towards them.

“Come.”

It was like a dam broke as the army of orcs pushed towards him. Left, right, front, and back, the orcs stepped on the companions and rushed like a tidal wave. Axes, spears, and swords filled his vision.

The world slowed down.

Dduok!

Blood splashed from the lead orc in the lead that was holding an axe. Crockta used gentle movements and stared at it. Red blood, the source of life.

‘I am alive.’

The tattoos on his body were burning. He seized his greatsword.

‘Or is it just breathing?’

He crossed swords with a saber that aimed at him. Hatred and anger, the sum of their emotions. Why did they get angry at the smallest things?

‘Honor.’

Feel angry towards things that were truly worth it.

Crockta brandished his greatsword.



An arrow hit the back of an orc that was running away. It was the last one.

The battle finished but none of the dark elves of Emeranian cheered. They just looked at him with eyes filled with awe.

“What is that...”

Countless orc corpses were scattered around. It was like a dam was built with the dead bodies. At the heart was an orc with a bloodied greatsword. The orc survived alone against such a huge army. Since the orc army was attacking him, the dark elves were able to slaughter the orcs as easily as aiming at targets.

There were no uninjured spots on his body. There were stab wounds where blood flowed down and a broken spear was inserted in his side. One arrow that flew the wrong way also pierced him. The wounds on his shoulders and thighs made it hard for him to stand.

However, he endured. The dance of a one man army.

“You, what are you doing?” Caska asked.

She was looking at a dark elf who raised his bow. The arrow was pointed at the orc.

“We don’t even know who he is.”

Caska’s face distorted. “Didn’t you see him attacking the orcs instead of us?”

“He is also an orc. Anyway... ouch!”

Caska kicked the dark elf. He grabbed his leg. She slapped the dark elf.

“This dog, are you a spy? The Great Clan paid you, didn’t they?”

“W-What are you saying?”

“Then why are you shooting the same side, you bastard!” She yelled angrily. The dark elf bowed his head. “Send a medical unit and treat that orc!”

The dark elves regained their minds at her words and rushed out. The orc entered the gate on a stretcher. The orc never let go of his greatsword, so the soldiers had to withstand the combined weight of the orc and greatsword. Many dark elves had to carry him at the same time.

Caska sighed as she looked at the dead bodies in front of the castle.

“I’m really sick of this.”

Her colleague laughed. “You will become sicker from now on.”

“It is as you say.” She leaned against the railing. Dust was still rising on the horizon. “The orcs are heading north and will come again.”

“It won’t end until the great chieftain is killed.”

“So...”

Caska glanced back. The orc was being carried by the medical corps. Sometimes he would regain consciousness and say something. The dark elves would stop and look at him.

“I’m sick of...”

They had been stuck in a siege with the orcs for a week. Thanks to the orc, they eventually destroyed the enemy. Now she would be able to take a break for a while. Until the next battle. Not just Emeranian, but other cities in the area were still under siege.

At that moment. A large dust cloud approached from far away.

“.....!”

She reflexively raised her bow. Had more troops come already? According to the scouts, there was still some time. Her colleagues’ expressions hardened at Caska’s response. They stared at the horizon.

There was a caruk running while creating dust. And the one who was steering it...

A gnome.

“W-What is that?”

“Well... not an enemy?”

“A little... cute?”

The gnome had a scary expression on his face as he kicked the caruk. Behind him, a dark elf was holding his waist and shouting with a terrified face, as if telling him to slow down. They arrived in front of the gate.

The gnome looked up at Emeranian and shouted.

“I was so worried *dot!*”

“.....”

The dark elves looked at each other.

“I will help you stop the orcs! My name is Tiyo!”

No one answered. Tiyo shouted again without any hesitation.

“Come and lead me inside the castle *dot!*”

“.....”

Caska turned her head. “What is this?”

“He is called... Tiyo?”

“Tiyo? What is that?”

One soldier interrupted their conversation. “Tiyo, it is those guys. Travelers from the continent.”

“From the continent... that gnome?”

“Yes. A gnome and orc, and I heard that a dark elf recently joined to make them a group of three... The orc warrior earlier must be Crockta.”

“That guy is Crockta?”

Caska’s eyes widened. She had forgotten but now she remembered.

She recently heard that travelers from the continent were being active in the north. They went through the Luklan Mountains to Nuridot, Nameragon, and Spinoa, while their leader, an orc warrior, was on a completely different level from the orcs here.

He was stronger than anyone and righteous. He said that the Great Clan didn’t have honor. Orc warrior Crockta.

“Come in.”

The dark elves let Tiyo and Anor in. The gnome shouted and bluffed as he entered the castle, but they soon headed off to see Crockta.

Caska looked at their backs and nodded.

“The rumor was real...”

He was an orc who dealt with numerous opponents alone without looking back. The monstrous sword slew the enemies left and right.

Caska’s expression became determined. Her colleague laughed at her appearance.

“Look at that. Are you serious?”

“What?”

Caska looked at him.

“If the orc survives, will you really give him your first kiss?”

Caska laughed. “Why, do you think I can’t?”

“He is a good guy but... That orc could refuse.”

“What are you talking about?”

Caska pointed to her face. The traces of battle such as fatigue and dust were piled up, but her dark blue eyes shone brightly. She had a straight nose and red petal-like lips. A solid and voluptuous body toned through training. A beauty even among the dark elves.

Caska laughed as she indicated her face.

“There is no way he is a eunuch.”

CHAPTER 108

GREAT NORTHERN WAR (4)

Crockta was lying on a bed.

His wounds were recovering quickly. His Pinnacle ranked skill, Regeneration Authority allowed him to recover from the shock he received. As soon as the arrow was pulled out from his shoulder, the skin healed by itself.

Tiyo found his resilience amazing.

“I know it already, but that really is a brutish resilience *dot.*”

Crockta grinned while lying down. Even so, it wasn't easy for him to face the troops alone. Axes aimed at him blindly. He avoided any fatal injuries by twisting his body, but it was still uncomfortable.

However, thanks to Crockta, there was no large damage to the dark elves. If the orcs entered through the open gates, a slaughter would've begun. Perhaps all the dark elves in Emeranian would've been killed or enslaved.

But Crockta provoked the orcs and took on all the enemies alone. No, he overwhelmed them. The dark elves fired at their backs, but his actions couldn't be denied.

His understanding of the Pinnacle was maturing, and once he added in Introduction to Magic, Crockta's senses were as sharp as a blade. He was able to feel the blades flying from behind and the blood of the orcs. He felt like he was increasingly becoming a monster.

Could any of the users afford to go against him? No. Crockta was confident. As long as they thought of Elder Lord as a game, the users couldn't beat him.

“Hey. Orc?”

The door opened and a dark elf walked in. She was carrying a bow, and her body looked flexible and strong. She looked like a black panther walking around. She turned towards Crockta. It was a beautiful appearance. Her face and body were covered in

dirt from the long battle, but the light of her blue eyes couldn't be concealed. They shone like sapphires placed on brown skin.

Tiyo muttered, "Hoh, Crockta. You are quite good *dot*."

Anor was confused. "What is quite good?"

"You will understand if you look closely. The light in those eyes. Those gestures. That gait."

"I guess she is angry. Did Crockta do anything wrong?"

"This! You are an amateur *dot*. The eyes of Quantess' love expert, Tiyo, isn't wrong *dot*." Tiyo whispered, "If you look a little further, you will understand *dot*."

He spoke as she came straight towards Crockta. The dark elves standing on duty around the bed saluted. She gave a slight nod in response. She looked down at Crockta as he looked up at her with a confused expression.

She stretched out a slender hand towards Crockta. Crockta gazed blankly as her hands approached his neck.

Tiyo and Anor gulped as they watched.

"What is this?"

"It is exciting *dot*."

Snap.

".....!"

"T-That's it!"

Tiyo and Anor reflexively started chewing the cookies next to them as they stared at the sight before them. It was placed by the bedside for the family of patients. Anor had been visiting the sick patient; however, he became immersed in the sudden change of situation, putting the corn cookie in his mouth. It was like watching flames across a river!

Crockta spoke, "What are you doing?"

He frowned at the woman who grabbed his collar.

"Crockta, right?"

"Yes. Rather..."

"My name is Caska."

"I want you to release me before telling me your name."

Crockta pointed at her hands holding his collar. But she just laughed and moved her face closer instead of letting go.

"You were cool."

Anor blocked his mouth with one hand and grabbed Tiyo with the other.

"What a surprise, a surprise."

"The man who fights in battles and saves the city will get a woman *dot*."

"Captain Caska is really bold."

The dark elf soldiers in the infirmary also nodded their heads.

However, the party involved, Crockta was uncomfortable. "Don't come too close. I'm uncomfortable."

"Uncomfortable?" Caska grinned. "Crockta."

"What is it?"

"I half fell in love."

"It is an honor."

Caska lightly stroked Crockta's forehead. "Shall we kiss?"

Her remark was like a bomb as the whole room became silent. Anor hit Tiyo's arm.

"It hurts *dot!*"

"Wow, wow, what is going on, really!"

"It is simple and ignorant, just like Captain Caska."

They were so immersed that they forgot to chew the corn cookies in their mouths. But the atmosphere around the characters of the romantic scene wasn't that warm.

"I don't like it." Crockta replied while still looking confused by the hand on his collar.

"What?" Caska's eyes widened. "Am I not unbelievably pretty?"

"Hah."

She pointed at her lips again. Her crimson lips looked like a blooming flower. Despite the long battle, the lips were moisturized and had no cracks. It was an alluring color, especially when contrasted to the brown skin.

"Really, you don't want to?"

Crockta hated this type of thing.

That...

He was a romanticist.

Crockta raised his injured upper body. Then he pointed towards her.

"No flower can stay red for 100 days! You are certainly beautiful. But you have made no contributions to that beauty. You just inherited that beautiful face from your parents. It isn't the result of any effort. A beautiful face itself will never represent your value!"

".....!"

The men in the room were all shocked.

This orc...

He was big. He was a big and brave man. Indeed, a big man worthy of being a one man army. His faith and beliefs were so strong that he rejected the offer of a beautiful woman!

Caska's face stiffened. Crockta continued speaking.

"Of course, I like beautiful things too."

"T-Then why?"

"The beauty I speak of is not that kind," declared Crockta while pointing to himself. "Rather than the pretty flowers, I feel beauty from the diligence of the worker bees who flap their wings without rest to gather honey and pollen."

".....!"

"You might have looks, but bear in mind that character is more important to me."

Everyone knew this principle, but most didn't understand it sincerely. This orc. He showed it by rejecting this beautiful female elf.

Jung Ian, he was an ordinary man who once only knew this belief with his head. But that changed after meeting 'her' on the battlefield. Assault rifles and rocket launchers suited her. Crockta's face became depressed as he remembered seeing his old love. Then he seemed to look sorry at Caska's ignorance.

At this moment, everyone in the room realized it. Crockta wasn't simply a great warrior. A sage.

There was only the sound of Caska letting go and hurriedly walking away. She left the room as quickly as she entered it.

Tiyo placed the corn cookies to the side and walked over to Crockta. Then he raised a hand to Crockta's shoulder.

"Crockta."

"What?"

“You are the man, I admit it *dot*.” He had a truly admiring expression on his face. Anor was also filled with admiration.

“Amazing, Crockta. I’ll say it again.”

Tiyo sighed. “That elf was really beautiful *dot*... If that was me, I wouldn’t have been able to reject it *dot*. A true man...”

It was a sincere murmur.

Crockta reflexively denied it. There was still a trauma caused by the Love Mode lock.

“I-I’m not impotent.”

“.....!”

A slip of the tongue! Crockta realized his mistake but it was already too late. Everyone in the room realized the truth.

“C-Crockta... perhaps...!”

The eyes of all the men in this place changed from respect to awe. The emotion was even deeper than before.

Now they saw clearly.

Crockta wasn’t just a sage. No, he was a great sage.



Caska started running as soon as she left the room.

She was an excellent hunter and the captain of the third unit of the Emeranian guards. Once she started running in earnest, no one could catch her. She ran towards the walls. It was a place covered in orcs.

The dark elves were moving the bodies of the orcs. It was to be burned. Unarmed soldiers were repairing the gates and checking their equipment for the next battle.

“Hello!”

“Yes.”

Caska saluted and felt her close associate Linier, a lieutenant of the second unit. Linier was in charging of recovering and repairing arrows from the corpses of the orcs. Linier, who was disinfecting the bloody arrows, discovered Caska and turned towards her.

“Caska.”

“Linier. Come here.”

“I’m busy.”

“Come and see. It is just a minute. It is a big deal.”

Linier was taken away by Caska. They stood beneath the wall. “What is it, tell me?”

“You know.” Caska placed her forehead against the wall. “I went to the orc called Crockta.”

“Whoa. Really?”

“So I tried.”

“Kiss? Really?”

“But he refused.”

“Things like that can happen. You are a stranger.”

“That is the problem.”

Caska hit her forehead against the wall and looked at Linier. Linier recoiled from Caska’s expression. Faint embers were burning in the beautiful blue eyes. Linier could see that it was a really big deal.

“In fact, half of it had been a joke.”

“I guess...”

“But... That guy... so cool.”

“So what, now...”

“Yes, now.” Caska nodded. “It isn’t a joke anymore. The real deal.”

“Yes.” Linier sighed. “This is really serious.”



“The troops at Emeranian were wiped out.”

“Kuhuhu. Stupid.”

“The young shaman was stupid.”

The warrior called Akhu laughed as he wiped his halberd. The army of the Great Clan was advancing slowly. They never rushed. As the large numbers pushed, the orcs would eventually win. There was no choice. They had the great chieftain and many powerful warriors were born.

“It isn’t too bad to obtain a base before the main army comes.”

He got up from his seat. They were located outside Juora, a city located to the west of Emeranian.

“The great chieftain will be delighted.”

“There are many dark elves. We should wait.”

“Do you feel doubts? I am the warrior Akhu. Emeranian didn’t have any proper warriors.”

“We should still wait.”

“Che, this boring fellow.”

Akhu looked at the walls of Juora in front of him. The dark elves were still cowardly hiding behind the walls and shooting arrows. In a siege, especially a siege against dark elves, the invaders had to suffer great damage.

Akhu dug at his ears and said.

“I’ll just play a fun joke.” He told the shaman. The shaman nodded silently.

His body was filled with strength. The big warriors had the power of magic behind them and were able to pull out all their battle power. Akhu was overflowing with confidence. It felt like he could break through anyone.

He walked towards Juora. Then he shouted towards the top of the wall.

“I! I am the leader of this army, Akhu!” His call echoed. “You cowardly and weak dark elves who can only shoot arrows from behind! Every day you run away, and you are trash who doesn’t know what a real fight is!”

He smiled and started to pee towards the walls. The orcs behind him raised their weapons over their heads and cheered.

“If you are a confident person, come out! If you don’t hide like a sissy behind the walls, I will give you a chance!”

He raised his halberd. “No one! The dark elves really are cowards!”

He signaled to the troops in the rear. Then an orc handed a spear to him. He immediately threw the spear. It slammed into the gate. The gate shook violently. It was a tremendous force.

“You are a species that suits slavery! Soon all of you will fall down at our feet, licking shit in order to live!”

He burst out laughing. He liked lowering the enemy’s morale. He could provoke the enemy then kill any opponent that came out for a one-on-one fight. Even if they didn’t come out, the enemy’s morale would sink to the bottom. This was the habit of a Great Clan warrior.

At that moment.

The gate opened.

“Ohh.”

A dark elf walked towards Akhu.

“There is a man with some guts!”

Akhu laughed and spun his halberd around. The reaction was unexpected. So far, there had been no response to his taunts but the anger of the dark elves must have accumulated.

The dark elf looked calm. In addition, his weapons were a little unusual.

“Hey, Garbage! My name is Akhu! What is your name?”

Akhu yelled in a pleased tone. He wanted to mutilate the dark elf then throw him towards the walls. Fear was the best means to trample the enemy. The joy of slaughtering was just a bonus.

But the dark elf didn't answer.

Akhu rubbed his nose and raised the halberd. Anyway, everything would be answered with a few swings of his halberd. After the harsh treatment, Akhu vowed to trample on that cheeky face. The halberd swung round and round.

The wind blew through the dark elf's gray hair. His violet eyes were calm. The dark elf raised his arms.

A pair of swords. A dim light shone around the two gently curved scimitars.

CHAPTER 109

GREAT NORTHERN WAR (5)

Emeranian completely defeated the enemy. At Juora, the leader of the orc forces, Akhu was defeated and killed in a one-on-one fight, causing the morale of the orcs to drop catastrophically. The progress slowed and the orcs waited for the main army without further attacks

Nuridot was devastated. Some survivors fled to other cities or the Luklan Mountains, but most lost their lives there.

In another city called Yekator, located on the outskirts of the dark elf territory, street fighting was taking place.



“Hopeless,” said Jaluten the dark elf as he cut one of the orc’s necks. “We have to join the main forces at Juora.”

“There are still a lot of citizens remaining.”

“There is nothing we can do.”

The dark elves following him had already reduced in number. Their fighting spirit was lost and their morale was at an all-time low. It was the same for him as well.

“But how can we leave them alone?”

Jaluten looked at the face of a young dark elf. It was a person who still had his sense of justice.

“I’d rather die fighting.”

Jaluten shook his head. “It is a dog’s death. Remember what happened today. Then later on, we will get a bigger revenge on them.”

He looked back. The city was burning. The landscape that their ancestors had lived in

for generations had now become distorted and turned to ashes. Their friends, family, and neighbors had been split apart by axes.

Jaluten grabbed the young dark elf's shoulder.

"Jaluten..."

His hands were shaking. Jaluten stared into the eyes of the young dark elf and said, "Through any means, get revenge."

He closed his eyes and nodded.

Yekator had fallen. The dark elves resisted using the city's buildings as shields, but the orc's axes broke their heads without any mercy. They slaughtered and looted like it was a game.

They asked a question. Execution or slavery. Those who chose slavery were cut in the ankles and forced to crawl. Execution literally meant their heads being split apart.

Hell was currently occurring. The dark elf Jaluten and his followers resisted to the end, but eventually had to watch the whole city burn.

"Go out from the rear wall. There will be caruks in the old barn behind the garrison. Go to Juora or Emeranian."

They moved quickly. Jaluten knew better than anyone else. They ran while voiding the eyes of the orcs. It was towards the back road leading outside the walls.

At that moment.

"Rats still remain!"

An orc stood blocking them. Jaluten gave strength to the hand holding the long sword. He couldn't waste time. He had to kill this orc at once. But he sighed as he saw more soldiers emerge from behind the orc.

"Are they the last ones?"

They were warriors of the Great Clan.

The one in the front was a monster who wielded his axe and defeated any dark elf. It was far above the attack power of any other orc here and he had a strong commitment to victory.

He stared at Jaluten. "You are moderately interesting."

Jaluten whispered to the one behind him, "I will block them, so run away."

"But..."

"It isn't enough."

Jaluten looked at the dark elf following him. It was a peaceful age. But Jaluten had known that such a day would come. He raised warriors hoping it wouldn't happen in his era. They were his heritage. They were young people who insisted on committing themselves to a penance that no one wanted to do.

"For my sake, go," whispered Jaluten. "Keep this in mind. Never die a dog's death. Take revenge with all your might."

It was his last testament. That determination was passed onto the dark elf. It was enough.

Jaluten rushed towards the warriors with his sword. Meanwhile, the dark elf received his signal and ran away. Orcs tried to chase after him but Jaluten stopped them with his sword. The long sword danced through the air. But it didn't last for long. A big spear pierced his abdomen. Blood emerged. An axe cut his shoulder. His whole scapula was removed.

Jaluten staggered with his eyes wide open. Now his body wasn't listening to him. His legs cramped. He was bleeding from the nose and the mouth.

"Kulkul, I admire your effort but it is over. I'll show you."

A warrior grabbed his hair and pulled him. Jaluten's spirit was plummeting towards death. A black curtain was coming down from above his head.

"Look at that."

Jaluten opened his eyes. The runaway dark elf had been torn down by the orcs waiting.

Screams were heard from far away.

“You didn’t do anything.” The orc smiled. “It was all in vain. The whole thing.”

As he said that, he twisted Jaluten’s neck.

Crunch.

Jaluten died.

124 years old. From an early age, he had held a sword behind his father. As a young man, he had no opponents in the city then he became a teacher to the young dark elves when he became older. He needed strength in order to protect the peace and watched out for the orcs. On the day that Yekator was captured, he died with his followers.

His eyes failed to detect it.



“His eyes didn’t see it,” Crockta said.

He closed the elf’s eyes. He didn’t know who the dark elf was. Based on the long sword, he seemed to resist until the end. He was a corpse on the outskirts of the city, along with another dark elf holding a sword.

Crockta prayed for him.

“We were too late.”

They had come from Emeranian towards Juora and then Yekator. Nuridot had already been completely destroyed and a defensive line was established to fend them off. They heard that Yekator was still fighting, but only found a ruined city and many dark elf corpses when they arrived.

The orcs occupying this place retreated without a fight. They were waiting for reinforcements. The orcs of the Great Clan were heading north. Two cities had been devastated by just an advance vanguard. The main army led by the great chieftain had much greater numbers. The real war hadn’t started yet.

“It is hard to stay here for a long time. The gates are destroyed,” Caska said. She was

the dark elf commanding the troops. Crockta's party was under her command as a type of mercenary.

"The nearby villages have evacuated... Now what?"

Caska sighed. The more she thought about it, the more impossible victory seemed. The dark elves weren't a match, both in numbers and the quality of the soldiers. Orcs were used to battle and seemed prepared for war. The only hope for the dark elves was hiding behind the walls and enduring a siege.

"How horrible."

They wanted to collect the bodies of the dark elves to be burned, but it was too much. There were no intact bodies. Rather than corpses, it was more like body parts scattered all over the city. Some dark elves were nauseous.

Crockta's face stiffened as he looked at the dead. Most of them weren't carrying weapons. Young children, women, the elderly, all of them were dead. Some of them had their ankles cut off and were crawling somewhere. It was a thoroughly devastating trail.

That wasn't the end. All the dark elves didn't have ears, like they were taken as souvenirs. There were no bodies with their ears intact, and sometimes there were a bunch of ears on the ground.

It was a slaughter just for slaughter.

Crockta decided not to think of them as orcs. They weren't orcs. It was totally different from the orcs living in honor on the continent.

"Where is the great chieftain?"

Crockta asked Caska. She flinched and opened her map. "According to the reconnaissance, he will reach the defense line a week later.

Crockta nodded.

Removing the great chieftain was the most important task. The source of all of this was the great chieftain. He was the one who brought together the orcs of the Great Clan and decided that they would take control of the north.

After unifying the north, they would strike at the continent. After he came, the real battle would take place.

“Caska.”

“Yes.”

“I would like to suggest an operation.”

“What is it?”

Crockta thought with his arms folded. They must attack the enemy. Hit a point that the enemy could never imagine. It was the most important point. And he was a man who had always been mobilized for such an operation.

“A raid consisting of a small number of elites.”

“The goal?”

“The great chieftain.”

Caska’s eyes widened. “What?”

“The dark elves are basically just trying to survive. Who would’ve imagined that we would hit the great chieftain with a surprise raid?”

“No.”

“The enemy will never think about it.”

“Do you know why? The success rate is low! Don’t even think about it. It is ridiculous. Nonsense.”

“Then the dark elves will be ruined.”

“.....”

Crockta closed his eyes. Then he opened them again.

[Grey God's Eyes (Outside the Ratings) has been activated.]

He didn't like this skill. There was a sense of repulsion in seeing someone's lifespan. It was natural to live and die. It was unnatural to force it. It was presumptuous to try and counteract it. So he had sealed it after he first used it at Nameragon.

But,

Crockta closed his eyes again after seeing the numbers floating above their heads. He didn't want to see anymore. The numbers above the heads of the dark elves were all different, but they pointed to a similar future.

A massacre. They would all be slaughtered.

"Caska, do you have a way to contact Zelkian?"

"Zelkian?"

"I have something to say to him."

Crockta's eyes sunk.

His instincts were telling him. There was only one method to win this war. Other operations and tactics would lead to defeat.

It was the only way.

Assassinate the great chieftain.



"Grr..."

A beastlike sound emerged from the mouth of an orc.

"How are you feeling?"

"Good."

He got up. His body, which was originally big, had become larger. He was big enough to make other orcs seemed like a kid, and powerful enough to swing his axe with one hand. The word monster suited Calmahart, great chieftain of the orcs.

“We march again tomorrow. Increase the speed. Arrive as early as possible.”

“I understand.”

“As quickly as possible. Within 5 days.”

“Yes.”

He sat on a throne. It was a newly created one in order to accommodate his larger size. It was decorated with the skulls of the enemies he killed, and the slaves were forced to carry it during the march.

Calmahart smiled.

“Shaman. Your fate reading?”

“Huhuhu, my reading of your fate is always the same.” The shaman bowed his head. “You will win the north. Everyone will be killed before your armed forces.”

“Kuk kuk, is that so?”

The great chieftain grabbed his armrests.

“That... haha.”

He used strength and tore off the armrests. Then he threw them. The armrests rolled to the side of the shaman.

“There is no one who will entertain me.”

“Let’s see...”

“I want something unexpected.”

He grinned.

“Yes, like now. I hope someone will open that door in a surprise attack. No, tomorrow would be good. I want someone to swing their sword towards me neck while I’m sleeping. When I arrive at the dark elves, I want all my troops to be destroyed.”

“.....”

“Do you know why I want to go to the continent?”

“How can I know?”

“I have no opponents in the north.” Calmahart buried himself deep into the throne. “I hope to find an opponent. An opponent who can make me struggle.”

The shaman laughed. Then he bowed deeply.

“I’m sure you will find it. Of course, you will always win.”

The shaman closed his eyes. The future of Calmahart that he saw was always the same.

Death, killing, slaughter, and victory. He never saw defeat in his future.

Calmahart was the brightest star he knew. There were no doubts about the future.

CHAPTER 110

GREAT NORTHERN WAR (6)

Zelkian opposed the surprise attack. The others were the same. There were just too many practical limitations. In the first place, the great chieftain was moving at the center of a great army. The concept of a surprise attack wouldn't work, but Crockta wanted to directly see the face of the great chieftain.

Then a gift came from Jamero, the magician of Nameragon. To Crockta's surprise, it was an artifact.

[Read this well. This artifact is a gift for you. It is precious, but I shouldn't think about saving it when this is a war for the north. I will trust you since I believe there is no one greater in battle than you. Use it as you want.]

That was his letter.

Crockta's eyes shone as he confirmed the information about the artifact. It was a disposable magic artifact. But it seemed like something that existed for his purpose at the moment.

It was an old pumpkin.

[The 'Boundary Pumpkin' is an ancient relic of the elves with a mysterious magic spell on it. However, it can only be used once.]

Tiyo and Anor were worried for him.

"Is it really okay *dot*?"

"It's possible if I have this pumpkin."

"I still don't know *dot*. The great chieftain..."

“I have to see that guy’s face,” said Crockta.

Tiyo nodded.

“Then I will wish for your safe return *dot*.”

“Don’t worry.”

Crockta grinned as he claimed, “I’ll come back before the war even happens.”



The main army of the Great Clan headed north.

Calmahart stared at the distant lands. They just needed to move a little further and the cities of the dark elves would appear on the horizon.

He laughed, “Move faster.”

There were orcs, dark elves, and humans carrying his sedan. The slaves of various species walked quickly. His heavy body and large throne were hard to move using their own strength, but if they didn’t follow his command, they would be tortured and executed.

There were many slaves to replace them. Many slaves had been tortured in ways they couldn’t imagine, and in the end, they closed their eyes begging for death.

Calmahart was the devil.

The shaman suggested, “Calmahart, I think it is better to stop here for today.”

It was currently twilight.

“They will be well prepared so if we continue on late at night, enemy guerrillas might appear.”

The vanguard at Emeranian had collapsed. There was definitely something there.

The two units that went to Nuridot and Yekator had captured the places as scheduled. The orcs at Juora couldn’t advance due to the unidentified dark elf wielding double

swords, but the troops were still intact.

Only the troops at Emeranian had died. He couldn't guess what had happened there. Calmahart was marching to Emeranian first for that reason.

"Understood."

There would be something. He laughed.

They stopped. The orcs began to prepare the camp. Tents and camping supplies were distributed. Calmahart's dwelling was the largest and most spectacular.

Calmahart descended from his sedan. The slaves were relieved. The tremendous weight on them had disappeared. Today's hell-like schedule was over and they would be able to rest until morning. At least, that was what they thought.

"You there."

Calmahart laughed. The slaves' faces stiffened.

"Didn't it keep tilting to the right?"

The voice was gentle, but his natural inclination couldn't be hidden. The slaves were already able to foretell the scene that would occur next. There was only one time when Calmahart smiled like this. It was always just before killing someone.

His axe would cut the other person. He looked to the right while killing someone on the left, looked to the left while killing on the right side. His game was random. The slaves trembled at the thought that they would be next.

"My right hip kept on tilting down."

Calmahart approached the slaves who were in charge of the right side. They bowed in unison. They couldn't kneel because they were still holding the sedan chair.

"I'm sorry!"

"I'm sorry!"

The slaves apologized quickly. Calmahart burst out laughing at their appearance. At

just a few words from him, everyone would shudder with fear and seek forgiveness. They would do whatever he said to survive.

Fear was his strength. The sight made him delighted.

“Kukukukuk, you don’t need to apologize.”

Calmahart’s lieutenant and shaman approached as they noticed the situation. The orcs setting up the camp didn’t pay any attention to this place. It was a familiar sight to them.

“Just this.”

Calmahart’s body became a blur. He swung the axe on his back. It was so fast they couldn’t see it properly. Blood splattered. The sedan tilted.

“Kuheeok!”

“Waaaah!”

“Kyaaak!”

Screams rang out. The slaves on the right side were covered in blood. Calmahart’s axe cut the ankles of the right side slaves all at once. Except for the front and back, most of them lost their ankles due to his axe. Those far away were caught in the aftermath and swayed.

But they never backed down. They clenched their teeth and supported those with torn legs.

“Hoh.”

The sedan didn’t fall. It was because all of them would die if that happened. The tearful slaves persisted. The slaves on the other side moved around the sedan chair to try and ease the burden by moving the center of gravity.

However, Calmahart looked at them and they couldn’t move further.

“If you hang on until the sun comes up tomorrow, you are free.”

It was ridiculous. One person had already lost his right ankle. The bleeding was getting worse.

“If it fails, I will kill both sides. To prevent the suffering.”

He said he would kill them and turned around. This was Calmahart’s habit. Postponing the murder. The scheduled death sentence didn’t happen right away, but it wasn’t far off. In the meantime, he would laugh at how they struggled.

“.....”

For a moment, the sedan tilted. One of the slaves on the left side with good ankles ran out.

“Die demon!”

He was carrying a small hidden dagger. He jumped at Calmahart’s neck and swung the dagger. However, Calmahart’s huge hands grabbed his head. He frantically struggled.

“Kuk... kuock...”

“Kukukuk.”

Usually, the dark elf’s head would explode. But Calmahart just threw him to the side.

Then he said, “You there. You. You. You.”

He pointed to the slaves one by one. They were all orcs.

“Come out.”

They came out. They were orcs who refused to join the Great Clan, were caught in the Luklan Mountains, or fought the Great Clan. Calmahart hated them the most.

“The dark elf tried to attack me in the face of death.”

Calmahart was now speaking to all the orcs in this place.

“He did that despite knowing there is no hope! He came at me, Calmahart! But what about you?”

Calmahart raised his axe. The faces of the enslaved orcs became speculative.

“Orcs! Orcs! Hiding in the back like this! Hiding behind a dark elf’s ass!”

The orcs of the Great Clan stopped working at this shout.

“You aren’t orcs, but pigs!”

Calmahart’s axe split apart the head of one orc. The body was divided vertically. All types of organs hidden under the skin poured out.

“We are orcs! Never run away! Die fighting!”

The orcs cheered at Calmahart’s words.

“To the Great Clan!”

The other enslaved orcs trembled. This was a fearsome monster. Despite the fact that they were originally large orcs, Calmahart looked down at them from a higher height. He wasn’t an orc, but a different species that looked like an orc. The burly muscles could probably tear apart an ogre with his bare hands.

“Kneel.” Calmahart’s terrible face laughed. “You are pigs, so go crawl and grunt for your lives. Then I’ll let you live.”

The orcs hesitated. They were orcs unrelated to the Great Clan. They were living peacefully. Then one day, the Great Clan warriors appeared and forced them to prepare for war. When they refused, their villages were wrecked. They all became slaves. They were people who didn’t know how to fight.

At that moment, one of them came forward. It was the only stranger among them, an orc born in the Luklan Mountains. He wasn’t a warrior. However, he still maintained the traditional beliefs of the orcs.

“Calmahart. Poor, mad person.”

“.....!”

Calmahart’s eyes narrowed. He had seen a lot of final efforts before dying. Everyone shouted and cursed him. However, there was no one who insulted him in such a calm

manner. Despite the instinctive fear, the orc from Orcheim was staring at him with calm eyes.

“You aren’t an orc.”

“How interesting. Me?”

“Do you know Bul’tar?”

Calmahart laughed. It was the first time hearing such nonsense. “Just a crazy guy.”

But his eyes were still clean.

“Keep this in mind Calmahart. Everyone dies. It is only our honor that death can’t erase.”

“You are just making sounds with that mouth. For you will definitely soon die by my hands. Kuhuhu.”

“You don’t understand this. Someday, you will meet a real orc and die.”

He bowed down. He grabbed the dagger hanging from the hands of the dark elf who had been thrown by Calmahart. Calmahart gazed at the dagger. However, the posture was lousy. This was an orc who didn’t know how to fight.

Calmahart laughed. Indeed, he was just someone who lost his mind.

“Yes, weak orc. What is a real orc? An idiot like you who can’t even hold a knife? A weakling? A fool like that?” Calmahart laughed cruelly. “The rubbish of the Luklan Mountains who will soon be killed by my hands?”

Calmahart approached. The orc swung the dagger, but his wrist was immediately grabbed by Calmahart.

“Tell me. Who is a real orc?”

As Calmahart’s terrible face neared, slight fear appeared on the orc’s face. The fear he sowed filled the surroundings. Nobody could resist that fear. But the orc clenched his teeth and endured it.

“I have seen a real orc. Unlike you, who is playing as an orc warrior.”

“Hoh.”

“You will be seeing him soon.”

Calmahart’s hands gripped his neck. Those who resisted fear weren’t fun. The sight of people surrendering to the overwhelming fear and despair was to his taste. Even at the moment of death, this guy continued speaking nonsense.

It wasn’t fun. No matter how strong a person was, they eventually yielded to him.

“His name...”

The orc’s breath got stuck. The orc could barely speak anymore. The pressure from the grip on his neck was so overwhelming. He called out the name as he choked.

“Crock... ta.”

His body slumped down.

Calmahart had heard that name before. An orc from the continent. A bastard from the weak continent. That guy was a real orc. Calmahart laughed. Then the body of the dead orc was thrown to the ground.

“We advance tomorrow morning.” Calmahart turned around. His pleasure had cooled off.

“What about those guys?”

“Leave it until tomorrow. I’ll see you then.”

The slaves sighed as Calmahard disappeared. Their lives would be extended until tomorrow. With the hope of someday being rescued, the warriors carried the sedan into the camp. Those with damaged ankles groaned on the floor. The other slaves gave them first aid.

And...

There was one man watching the scene.

A determined face. The tattooed body was distorted with anger. He looked at the body of the orc who called his name. Then he gritted his teeth.

It was Crockta.

[‘Boundary Pumpkin’ temporarily turns into a magical pumpkin carriage that no one can see. Once it is used, it can move through space again at midnight and then the pumpkin will disappear.]

He looked down at the orcs from the air and waited for it to get dark. He had to wait for Calmahart to be alone.

To the garbage who didn’t know anything about being a real orc. Crockta would inform him about what an orc warrior was.

Ogre Slayer in his hands hummed and cried out.

“Just wait,” Crockta muttered. As Ogre Slayer hummed, the world slowed down then accelerated again. The world repeated these actions. He could feel the trajectory of the wind on his skin.

His senses were extremely sensitive due to staying in the world of the Pinnacle.

A boundless anger towards the enemy. The optimum condition for killing.

Crocta’s sword was aimed for Calmahart’s heart.



The sun set.

The moon rose in the sky.

CHAPTER 111

GREAT NORTHERN WAR (7)

Crockta looked at the sky from the pumpkin carriage. It was the end of the lunar cycle. The thin moon made him the most sensitive. Darkness distracted the enemy's vision and hid his stature.

He just needed his greatsword.

He was currently floating above the tent of the great chieftain, Calmahart. But the area still hadn't calmed down. Orcs were carrying food into Calmahart's tent. They were carrying an enormous amount of meat. Calmahart's overeating was good for Crockta. Digesting a lot of food required energy, so it inevitably made the brain sleepy. The body would become dull and dull bodies created gaps in battle.

"Not bad."

Once the orcs fell asleep, Crockta would descend from the carriage and hit Calmahart. The night was still young.

The next space time movement of this pumpkin was at midnight. He still had some time. Crockta touched the surface of the pumpkin carriage. It was really a pumpkin and a pegasus made of translucent light pulled it.

It was summoned by Jamero's 'Boundary Pumpkin.' He used it and a pumpkin carriage suddenly appeared. It was a carriage that only appeared in Crockta's eyes and allowed him to infiltrate wherever he wanted without a sound. If there wasn't a restriction that only one person could use it, perhaps he would've been able to pull off a greater surprise attack.

Crockta carefully searched below.

It was a large army. It was the spectacular sight of many orcs camping together. If all those orcs appeared in the north, it would be impossible for the dark elves to handle them. Crockta reinforced how important this opportunity was. If he stabbed Calmahart in the heart here, maybe the war would be over. The origin of all this was Calmahart.

“One, two, three.”

He confirmed the number of guards around Calmahart’s tent. There weren’t many due to Calmahart’s confidence. Warriors on patrol sometimes roamed, but overall, the defense was lax. They didn’t expect a surprise attack at all.

Of course, they were right. If it weren’t for this mysterious artifact, Crockta would’ve never reached here. It was a one person raid.

The moon went behind a cloud. There was perfect darkness on the plains. The pumpkin started to descend gradually, according to Crockta’s will. Gradually, the campsite of the orcs came closer.

He occasionally heard the steps of the orc soldiers walking around. Crockta quietly added his own footsteps to the sounds. There was an orc soldier with his back to Crockta.

Step.

Suddenly, the orc soldier looked around.

Spit.

Patter.

Blood splattered as the orc’s head turned around. Crockta caught the falling head and eliminated the sound of impact. Once again, blood poured on him.

Then silence.

Step.

Crockta walked forward. There were three guards around at the tent. Crockta moved behind them in the darkness.

“I’m tired,” an orc muttered while yawning.

He had a halberd tied to his back. He never noticed as Crockta secretly approached.

[The skill Infiltration (Common) has been acquired.]

[You seem to be getting used to sneaking around? Your Infiltration skill has upgraded.]

[Shadow Infiltration (Rare) has been acquired.]

He shut the message windows off. Then in the same manner, he cut the neck of the orc from behind.

“.....!”

The orc responded. He felt something and quickly twisted. However, he couldn't avoid it and most of his neck was cut.

“Kuheeok...!”

His throat was cut and he couldn't shout properly. The orc looked up at Crockta with surprised eyes. Gradually, bubbles rose and the eyes became blurred. Crockta used his greatsword to completely separate the dangling head.

The orc's eyes died. Now there was only one left. The remaining orc was completely asleep. Crockta didn't bother using the greatsword. Instead, he reached out his hands to the orc's neck and twisted.

Crunch.

The orc still seemed to be sleeping. There would've been no pain.

“Now it is starting.”

Crockta muttered in a small voice. He stood directly before Calmahart's tent. Such a large tent was being used by only one person. It was as big as a building. The opponent wasn't easy, but Crockta wasn't an ordinary orc.

His greatsword was crying. Crockta smiled.

Then he took out a scroll and tore it.

[Wide Area Silence Scroll (Essence) has been consumed.]

He barely sensed it. It was like the invisible membrane enveloping the area. Now no sound would leak out.

Crockta opened the tent.



The interior was bright.

There was a fire blazing in the middle of the tent. One side contained fearsome weapons such as axes, hammers, and halberds, while the other side had a tactical map showing the current march of the orcs.

Crockta skimmed it. It wasn't significantly different from what the dark elves had figured out. At the end, there was a huge mass lying on the bed.

Calmahart. He was lying beside a huge throne decorated with all types of bones. Just looking at him from a distance, Crockta could guess his size. Crockta felt sick and tired. That really was an orc. He seemed one head bigger than Crockta. There was an axe under the bed. It was a huge double edged axe that seemed to be his main weapon.

Crockta approached. Calmahart hadn't noticed anything yet as his breathing was still the same. His face twisted as if he was doing something terrible in his dreams.

Crockta pulled out his greatsword. He hadn't come here to fight or play around.

This was an assassination. The sword descended. It was at that moment.

Kakang!

Calmahart raised his arm. He was wearing a steel guard on his forearm. It blocked Crockta's greatsword.

Calmahart's eyes tinged red. He laughed.

“Hoh.”

Crockta stepped back. It had been just a hair away. How was he noticed?

“It is the first time that I’ve seen you. I would remember someone with tattoos.” Calmahart got up.

His huge body looked down at Crockta. His head seemed to reach the top of the tent. He grabbed his double edged axe. It was a huge weapon that wasn’t inferior to Crockta’s Ogre Slayer.

Calmahart looked down at Crockta. His expression was interested. His arms were trembling because he wanted to wield the double edged axe right away. Crockta caught his breath calmly.

This had developed into a fight. He lifted Ogre Slayer. Anyway, he had been expecting this.

Crockta grinned.

Calmahart and Crockta, the two orcs stood facing each other. Then their worlds slowed. Extremely keen senses. A sudden exchange of attack and defense occurred in a short amount of time. Ogre Slayer and the axe hit each other.

Kakakaang!

“Kuhuhu...”

“Kulkulkul.”

The two looked at each other and laughed. And at the same time.

Strong. With that exchange, they were able to gauge the other person’s level.

Crockta plunged in. He aimed the sword at Calmahart’s lower body. At the same time, Calmahart’s axe lowered. Crockta twisted his body to avoid the axe and corrected the sword’s trajectory. The blade swung into Calmahart’s abdomen. Ogre Slayer bounced off.

Kakang!

“Kuhuhu...”

Calmahart grinned. He was wearing steel armor on the inside.

“Shall we do it properly?”

He stretched his back. Then he approached Crockta. Crockta nodded.

“Yes, let’s do it right.”

At the same time, huge momentum burst out from their bodies. A storm raged into the tent. The two of them grinned at each other. Then they fought again. At a speed that wasn’t visible, they aimed their weapons at the other’s neck and heart.

Tremendously loud sounds like a thunderstorm occurred. Crockta became bruised while blood flowed from Calmahart’s body.

Kakang!

Once again, their weapons collided. The power struggle continued. Crockta kicked Calmahart’s legs.

“Kuhuk!”

Calmahart fell over, causing the tent to shake fiercely. Crockta jumped forward and aimed his greatsword downwards. Calmahart hit the greatsword with the axe and grabbed Crockta’s neck with the other hand.

“Kuock...”

There was a strong grip on his neck. Crockta struggled. Calmahart smiled and gave more strength to his hands. It was a tremendous force. Crockta grabbed the wrist and tried to pull it away, but it didn’t move.

Then Crockta bit the hand with a wicked expression.

“Kuaack!”

Calmahart screamed and let go. One finger was tattered.

“You...!”

Crockta smiled and spat out the blood. “There isn’t much taste.”

Calmahart’s eyes turned red with anger as he laughed. “Kuhuhuhuk, kuhuhut!”

This guy was for real. He was someone who knew how to really fight.

Calmahart’s mouth rose. A warrior like himself, who knew what slaughter and fighting for their lives were. This guy knew.

“What is your name?” Calmahart asked.

Crockta placed the greatsword on his shoulder.

“Crockta.”

“I see. You...”

Calmahart remembered what happened earlier in the day.

A real orc. Calmahart laughed. A real warrior would appear and kill him. The name was Crockta. An orc who was stronger and larger than average orcs. His eyes were deep and sharp. He wore a red headband and steel belt at his waist. The big greatsword used as a weapon.

Strong. An orc who reached the same ‘stage’ as him.

And...

That was all.

“You are a real orc...?”

Crockta laughed. He had also seen what happened during the day.

“What is a real orc, Calmahart?”

Calmahart raised his axe.

“Strong.” The axe contained a fearsome momentum. His muscles swelled up. The originally large body became even bigger. “Stronger than anyone else. That is an orc.”

He approached Crockta, who pulled out his greatsword.

“And I am the strongest,” declared Calmahart.

At the same time, the axe lowered.

Swaaaack!

Space was severed. Crockta’s eyes changed. It was an unusual attack. Crockta immediately moved to the side to avoid it.

Kaaaang!

The axe struck a part of the skull protruding from his belt. Crockta lost his balance in the aftermath and fell to one knee. He rolled to avoid the next strike from the axe.

“.....!”

The Demon’s Mouth was scratched. This was the first time.

He raised his head. The axe was coming in succession. Instead of stepping back, Crockta bowed his head and moved forward. The axe passed over Crockta’s head. The oversized Calmahart was bent down low and defenseless against Crockta’s incoming rush.

Crockta aimed his greatsword.

“Kuheok!”

Blood emerged from Calmahart’s mouth. Crockta twisted his greatsword. But the handle didn’t move.

“.....!”

Calmahart’s abdominal muscles held on to the blade.

He couldn’t believe it. Crockta raised his head. Calmahart was smiling as he looked

down at Crockta.

“I got you.”

Calmahart threw the axe away and grabbed Crockta’s neck with both hands. Crockta desperately pulled his greatsword but it didn’t budge. What a monstrous body.

Calmahart laughed. Crockta’s eyes became blurry as he looked up into Calmahart’s face.

“.....!”

Calmahart’s grip became stronger. His consciousness faded.

Then he saw something shimmering on Calmahart’s forehead.

His consciousness went to a distant place.

CHAPTER 112

GREAT NORTHERN WAR (8)

In the darkness, something fluttered. His past days fluttered by.

From that time onwards, which could be called the start.

‘You must protect your little sister.’

‘A brother and sister should have a closer relationship with each other than that with their parents. You have to depend on each other until you die. It is the deepest family connection. So...’

‘You must protect Yiyu.’

‘I believe in you.’

His father’s voice, which could no longer be heard, passed through his ears. From then on, his sister had always remained a small child, clutching onto his clothing from behind him.

Jung Yiyu, she spoke. He remembered when she hung onto his every word as a child.

‘I will leave it to you.’

‘You’ll be an adult soon.’

Who said that? Was it one of his relatives whom he didn’t see anymore? It was his uncle who couldn’t take Yiyu, his aunt who demanded money for Yiyu’s living expenses.

‘Your mission.’

‘Defend it.’

‘Even if you have to sacrifice your life.’

After joining the special forces, Ian’s first mission was to protect a civilian on the

battlefield. The civilian's identity was still unknown. He just remembered that the person didn't fit the battlefield. The eyes from back then gazed at him with a glassy look. His body trembled in fear and he could only rely on Ian. He embraced Ian and cried while thanking him.

'Please, Ian.'

'Defend it, Raven.'

'Crockta!'

It had always been like this. Ian, Raven, and then Crockta. People were always staring at him. Those countless gazes. No one would think it was good the moment he collapsed.

'Crockta.' Someone called him, 'Crockta.'

He raised his gaze. There were eyes staring at him in the darkness.

"You."

He knew this face. He was no longer a person.

"Blackmore."

He laughed and then pointed behind him. The darkness lifted and the landscape of Chesswood was unfolded. The shattered villages were being rebuilt. Ingram was visible. He moved with the villagers, and with the users as well. NPCs, no, residents of Elder Lord and the users of Earth were raising the village together.

Blackmore gave a thumbs up before disappearing.

It became dark again. Soon, a rock appeared. Someone had carved letters on them. A familiar phrase.

[A warrior doesn't attack unarmed people.]

It was Arnin's landscape. He was looking at Enyanis who previously gave him citizenship. Now he was the mayor. He was reading a letter. The sender was Derek. He read the letter then tore it up. He threw it in the trash. Then he spat on it. Enyanis got

up and looked out the window.

He smiled as he looked at the beautiful landscape of Arnin. Then he turned and looked at something hanging on the wall of the office. It was a uniform. The uniform of those protecting the Arnin Plains. On top of it was Crockta's name. Enyanis looked at it and nodded.

The landscape blurred. The places of his adventures appeared before passing by. At the end, Crockta could see him. An unforgettable face.

"Lenox."

Lenox.

Behind him stood the orc warriors. Where did they go after they died? Did death really erase everything? Or... Lenox raised his axe without speaking.

Crockta's eyes widened. Lenox wielded his axe. The axe slammed into Crockta.

"Cough!"



"Cough!"

Crockta opened his eyes.

Calmahart the great chieftain's face was in front of him. His face was filled with surprise. He gave more strength to his hands. He was choking Crockta's neck with a tremendous force. The big sword stuck in his abdomen didn't budge.

Did Crockta have a short dream for a moment? Just what did he see?

Crockta gathered all the strength in his body and kicked the handle of Ogre Slayer. The moment that the greatsword shook.

"Cough!"

Calmahart bled from the mouth as his grip weakened. Crockta removed the loosened hand and rolled to the floor. Blood rose to his face again. He stayed on the floor for a

moment. Then he raised his head.

Calmahart was pulling out Ogre Slayer. Crockta tackled Calmahart before the sword could be fully pulled out. Calmahart and the sword fell tangled together. Crockta got on top of Calmahart. He pulled out Ogre Slayer completely.

He was about to thrust the sword down.

Peeok!

Calmahart's fist rose and hit Crockta on the chin. He recovered his mind and gripped the handle of Ogre Slayer tightly.

Peeok!

The punches continued. Ogre Slayer tried to target Calmahart but the ensuing punches kept interrupting. It was difficult to use the greatsword in this situation.

"Dammit!"

Crockta put Ogre Slayer away and swung his fist. One of Calmahart's teeth broke. Crockta's fist headed downwards without stopping. Calmahart also thwarted his attack. The two punched at each other.

Calmahart's arm was long enough to stop Crockta's attack, but Crockta's punch kept hitting the same spot. Their faces were covered with blood. But the moment that Crockta was about to raise a fist again,

"Yiiiiik!"

Calmahart's forehead shone. Then a huge force pushed at Crockta. Crockta rolled across the ground.

"Kukuku... this was nice." Calmahart got up. His big body cast a shadow on Crockta. His eyes were red. "But now your tricks will end."

A red aura covered Calmahart's body. His body swelled even more. Now he was a monster, not an orc. Every time he walked, the ground shook.

Crockta realized that something was different. He lifted Ogre Slayer. Calmahart swung

his fists without using a weapon. Crockta wielded the greatsword. The fist hit the sword. And it was Crockta who was thrown back. As the fist struck Ogre Slayer, a tremendous shock wave occurred.

Crockta was thrown out of the tent. Blood rose in his mouth.

“Kuheok.”

Crockta coughed up blood. Calmahart walked out. His red eyes burned in the darkness of the night.

“The entertainment was sufficient. Now you will die.” He laughed. “Crockta.”

Then he raised his fist up to the sky. He joined both hands together and made them look like a hammer. Then he brought it down towards Crockta.

If this hit, he would die. Crockta sensed it. Yes, blocking it might also kill him. He needed to avoid it. His instincts screamed at him. Crockta squeezed out all the strength in his body and rushed away.

The fist hit the floor. The ground convulsed. It was an incredible force. The red energy in Calmahart’s body was boiling like a haze. Crockta realized that it was the source of Calmahart’s power. He wasn’t in a normal state.

The situation had been so urgent that he couldn’t see it clearly, but there was apparently an apostle mark on his forehead, similar to Zelkian’s. Their concerns were right. He could borrow the power of a god.

Calmahart ran up to Crockta, who turned around and ran. He was out of the range of the silence area that he had set up. The chase between them attracted the orcs’ attention. Orcs started to appear one after another.

They screamed as they discovered Calmahart chasing Crockta.

“What?”

“Great chieftain!”

“The enemy!”

The orcs grabbed their weapons. Crockta swung Ogre Slayer without hesitation. The screams of the soldiers rang out. Calmahart chased Crockta without caring about the well-being of his soldiers. The orcs were blown away by his movements. The orcs in front of his fists were instantly killed.

“Where are you running to? Weak bastard! Come here!”

Calmahart’s voice was distorted like a demon. The bodies of orcs were strewn around the area where he passed. He was a mad monster.

Crockta looked at the moon. It wasn’t midnight yet. Crockta rushed towards the army of orcs to buy some time.

“You can’t get away!”

One of the warriors interrupted him. Crockta swung his greatsword, but the warrior also wielded his axe and blocked Crockta’s attack. Calmahart was running from behind. Crockta continued to attack in a hurry, but the warrior calmly blocked. It was amazing since the warrior’s goal was buying time. Crockta’s eyebrows twitched.

“Bul’tarrrr!”

The blade moved vertically. The warrior raised his axe, but Crockta’s sword slammed into him before he could. He was split in half.

Then Crockta ran again. Calmahart narrowed the distance. Something was flying behind him.

“.....!”

Crockta rolled on the ground as he received a shock in his back. It was the body of the orc he just killed. His blood and internal organs poured down on Crockta. There was an awful smell.

Crockta got up. Calmahart’s fist flew. He rolled to avoid it. The shadow of Calmahart grew bigger.

“Dammit.”

A monstrous guy.

Crockta grinned. Calmahart and the other orcs surrounded him. He was completely surrounded. In a situation where he couldn't escape, he confronted Calmahart alone. He held Ogre Slayer. He didn't think he would win, but he wasn't going to avoid a fight.

Calmahart smiled as he looked down at Crockta. Then he wielded his fist like a thunderbolt.

The greatsword blocked it but there was a shock wave. It was an absurd physical strength. Calmahart's other hand aimed towards Crockta's head. Outside his field of view, a giant fist made a circular trajectory.

If this hit, his head would burst. But his body was floating in the air. Ogre Slayer was on the other side of that fist. It was an attack he couldn't avoid or block. Shortly thereafter, the presence of the fist flying towards his head could be felt. Death was around the corner. This feeling caused the sensations on his body to sharpen.

The world slowed. It slowed down again. The fist flying towards him. The eyes of the orcs hoping for his death. The moonlight shining down from the sky and the wind. Everything was felt.

It was all pointing to his death. Just like a pebble falling from the sky, Calmahart's fist would cause his head to explode. It couldn't be avoided.

And Crockta.

He.

Refused.

The world's balance was reversed.

".....!"

At that moment, Calmahart's eyes widened. Ogre Slayer. It moved and blocked his fist. The blade moved and met Calmahart's fist. Blood vessels burst.

"Kuaaaaak!"

Calmahart grabbed his fist.

Crockta couldn't believe what he had just done. It was clearly impossible to defend. In addition, Ogre Slayer had sliced through Calmahart's skin, which was as hard as armor. It was a miracle beyond cause and effect.

'But beyond that, there is an area where you can wield the world.'

'The people who managed to do it were called Heroes.'

That was it. Crockta's movements had temporarily surpassed the Pinnacle. Calmahart was still holding his hand. His eyes were filled with rage. Crockta turned and jumped into the orcs surrounding him.

"Stop him!"

"Stop him!"

The orcs shouted, but they were split in half every time Crockta's Ogre Slayer was swung. Crockta sprang from the ground and jumped over them.

The new moon was above his head. It was midnight. At that moment, the pumpkin carriage hovered above his head. Crockta quickly climbed onto the pumpkin carriage. Crockta's appearance gradually blurred.

Seuk.

Soon after, he disappeared. Nothing remained but the air.

Calmahart grit his teeth and roared madly towards Crockta.

"Crocktaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa———!"

It was a fierce cry that could tear through metal.

Calmahart shouted, "Right now! March———! Kill everyone———!"

He stomped his feet. The earth shook. His eyes were red. The mark on his head was also tinged red. Only a massacre of blood could relieve his anger.

The real war began.

CHAPTER 113

HARSH MARCH (1)

Crockta was able to return using the power of the Boundary Pumpkin, which startled Tiyo and Anor he appeared out of thin air. The dark elf unit led by Caska planned to leave Yekator and head to Juora to confront the orcs. If Crockta didn't appear, they would wait until daytime before leaving for Juora.

But unlike their worries, Crockta returned immediately at midnight.

"Ah, what a wonderful pumpkin *dot*."

Tiyo felt admiration. He didn't care about Crockta lying on the ground. Crockta pointed at himself and complained.

"You should be worried about me first."

"You don't seem to be dead *dot*." Tiyo grinned.

Crockta's appearance was disgusting. His whole body was covered in blood and other flesh, while hand marks remained around his throat. There were scratches from where blades had cut him here and there, so it was easy to guess that a fierce battle had occurred.

"It's strange to see Crockta so beat up *dot*." Tiyo laughed out loud. Perhaps this was the first time, apart from the behemoth and Gushantimur.

"How was the opponent *dot*? If you are alive, did the great chieftain die?"

"Phew. Tiyo is so tiresome. Crockta, grab my hand."

Anor reached out to Crockta. Crockta grabbed his hand and raised his body. However, Anor freaked out after feeling the blood and flesh on Crockta's hand and left go.

Crockta fell again. "Cough!"

"Ah, I'm sorry. I was surprised. I need to go wash my hands."

“.....”

Crockta became sad.

Once Crockta returned, Caska, who had been waiting, approached him. Except for her and Crockta, most of the dark elves were asleep. The soldiers patrolling also acknowledged Crockta's return with a wave of their hands. Crockta waved back at them.

Caska looked at him with relief and asked, “Crockta, are you okay?”

“It is as you can see.”

“You're not okay.”

Crockta first washed the blood off his body and then received treatment from the medics. His wounds were disinfected then bandaged. The wounds were inconvenient but there were no major problems with his movement.

“How is the great chieftain?”

Everyone looked at Crockta. The great chieftain was notorious but they had never seen him. It was only a rumor that he had torn apart an ogre with his bare hands. The Great Clan's mad chieftain. Crockta couldn't say anything about him apart from,

“He is strong.”

Definitely strong. But it wasn't the strength he normally thought of.

The great chieftain was a warrior who had reached one of the highest points. But the sharpness was less than Driden's dual swords. He also had tremendous power, but it wasn't more than creatures like ogres or cyclops. When it came to skills and combat senses, Crockta was superior.

At least, until he was engulfed in the red aura. Crockta had stabbed him in the abdomen during the fight. The chieftain was obviously big and strong, but if the battle had continued, it seemed like he could win.

Then the mark appeared on the chieftain's forehead and he became a mad monster that couldn't be resisted. Grabbing the greatsword with his muscles and breaking a

blade with his bare hands, the cause of that was the madness.

After that state...

It would probably be difficult to win.

"I think we need to be thoroughly prepared. He used an unfamiliar power and once he was surrounded by red energy, he had a truly incredible strength."

Caska became serious at Crockta's words. Crockta was a warrior who had charged along into an army of orcs. He was the strongest among those she had met. But now he was giving a serious warning.

"The good thing is that he did get hurt. Thanks to the unknown aura, it will probably recover soon but... I did stab him in the abdomen."

"His stomach will be aching *dot!*"

"Kulkul, of course."

Crockta touched Ogre Slayer.

Caska sighed with relief. "I'm glad. He is injured and their movements will be delayed."

No matter how much of a monster he was, he would still need a break if his abdomen was pierced. It was common sense. But Crockta didn't agree. The great chieftain had been incredibly angry at Crockta. Thinking about that boiling madness, it wouldn't be strange if he ran towards the north right away.

The great chieftain wasn't a common person. He was a madman.

"It won't be the case. The great chieftain..."

"You are hurt as well, so get some rest. It's nighttime."

Caska pointed to the sky. The moon looked like it did when he was in the orcs' camp. Crockta nodded and said, "But tomorrow, we have to move early."

"Understood." Caska nodded.

Tiyo and Anor helped Crockta. He could walk alone but he decided to lean on them. No matter what they said, the group genuinely cared for each other. This was friendship and family. A band of brothers that weren't separate.

"Oh, I smell blood. Crockta, you didn't wash properly."

"Don't push my shoulders, Crockta! I will become shorter *dot!*"

Crockta canceled his thoughts at their complaints.

Bul'tar. Life should be alone.



The day was bright. They were still marching.

"Are you okay?"

"Yes. I can endure it."

"Concentrate your strength."

"Yes," the orc replied. But neither his expression nor his voice was good.

The face of the warrior Surka became serious.

During the night, there had been a raid from the orc Crockta. It was at midnight. After his disappearance, the orcs had packed up their tents according to the great chieftain's orders. The great chieftain had ordered a night march with an angry face. It had continued even after the sun went up.

Surka looked around but all the soldiers seemed on the verge of collapsing. It was a precarious pace.

"Hoo..." Surka sighed and walked over to a familiar face. "Hammerchwi."

"Oh, Warrior Surka. How are the troops?"

"There are many injured."

Last night, Crockta had attacked them. It was the first time Surka had seen him. Holding a big greatsword, he confronted the great chieftain. He stabbed the great chieftain's abdomen and damaged his fist with his blade. Then he escaped from the orcs' siege and disappeared in an unknown way.

He had remarkable skills worthy of his reputation. After Crockta got away safely, the great chieftain pursuing him had gone crazy. The necks of several orcs around him were torn out. His madness only subsided after he saw countless corpses.

Then the harsh march began. There was no consideration for the wounded. Not just the soldiers attacked by Crockta, but also those wounded by the great chieftain. The heavily injured ones were rejected and left behind. Those who couldn't leave their colleagues behind carried the wounded, but that just deteriorated the condition of the troops further.

It wasn't a rational judgment. The great chieftain was going to wage war and create a river of blood.

"Warrior Kellerk."

"Dead."

"....." Hammerchwi closed his eyes. "I pray for his soul."

They didn't say anything else. Kellerk was a tribe warrior caught in the great chieftain's madness last night. He ran to awaken his allies as the great chieftain collapsed a tent. His spine was broken.

"Hammerchwi."

Surka called to him again. Hammerchwi was an old and wise warrior. The fact that tribe warriors reached an old age meant they survived many battles. Hammerchwi looked at him with deep eyes.

Surka faced him and asked the question he had been wondering.

"Hammerchwi. The great chieftain."

It was a question that shouldn't be spoken.

“The great chieftain is fine.”

Surka turned his gaze. He looked at the great chieftain’s giant sedan. Then he turned his attention to those carrying it from below. Slaves.

The slaves weren’t all dark elves. Orcs, their kinsmen, were also collared and miserably holding it up. They became slaves simply because they didn’t follow the Great Clan. Every time they paused, the Great Clan’s warriors following them would strike with a steel studded whip.

Blood and flesh were scattered. The great chieftain laughed at the sound. The orc slaves staggered but they never broke the balance of the sedan chair. A mistake meant not only their deaths but all the other slaves as well.

It was a distressing sight.

“Surka...” Hammerchwi sighed.

Surka wasn’t the only one wondering this. Hammerchwi was the same. But the great chieftain was the law in the Great Clan. Everything he said would become the will of the Great Clan. They followed the strongest warrior. That was the Great Clan’s law.

Surka spoke. “Yesterday, I saw the orc Crockta.”

“Um...”

Crockta, the orc who came from the continent. He was a monster who defeated the Great Clan’s plans in the Luklan Mountains, Nuridot, and Nameragon, and now he had joined the dark elves. An apparent enemy of the Great Clan. A strong and deadly enemy that couldn’t be ignored.

“He is strong.” Hammerchwi had experienced it so he was well aware. He faced Crockta with the Great Clan’s warriors but all of them had been defeated. “A very strong warrior.”

“Last night.” Surka recalled the moment last night when Crockta confronted Calmahart.

The great chieftain had been surrounded by the red madness of fear. But despite the crisis, the orc Crockta from the continent had smiled while facing him.

Surka knew that expression.

“His face was like...”

“Like?”

Surka didn't say anything else.

There was a time when he had also made such an expression. It was when the great chieftain before Calmahart led them. The Great Clan's warriors had been the subject of fear everywhere.

They were strong and never backed down against any enemy. The orcs of other villages, the dark elves they were in conflict with and the wandering gnomes, all of them had been afraid and had to yield under the axe of the Great Clan.

Overwhelming force. The pride of the Great Clan. The pride of a warrior. They had it. Even if their numbers were inferior, they never showed their backs. In a dangerous battle where death was at hand, they fought rather than running. The stronger the enemy, the larger the smile.

They were warriors representing the northern orcs, the orcs of the Great Clan. At that time, he could feel the full glory of being part of the Great Clan.

“...It's nothing.

Surka shook his head.

Hammerchwi raised a hand to his shoulder. It was with eyes that understood. He knew Surka's heart. He was a warrior who fought with the former great chieftain under the banner of the Great Clan.

“Don't worry. The die has already been thrown.”

Surka dropped his head.

“Raise your head. Warrior Surka.” Hammerchwi hit his shoulder and walked on.

Surka stared at Hammerchwi's back and wanted to ask, ‘Can you raise your head, Hammerchwi?’

“Hoo.”

Surka looked forward again. The march continued. The Great Clan was still the subject of fear. They were cruel and merciless. The whole north was afraid of them. They were more famous than they had ever been.

Then why?

Surka looked up at the sky.

Why didn't he feel proud when looking at the Great Clan's flag now. If it was just fighting and killing, why did he feel ashamed?

He forced a smile. There was a time when he smiled as he waved his axe in front of many arrows. He had killed the enemy and roared. At that time, he was an orc who laughed wildly. But now he no longer laughed like that.

That smile wasn't his now. Last night, Surka had envied Crockta's smile.

His sword. It was very heavy.

Surka saw the flag of the Great Clan fluttering behind the great chieftain. At one time, it was something he had proudly done. Now a new rider was holding up the long flagpole. In addition, a strange orc was riding next to the great chieftain.

Shaman. The real head of the tribe. He planned all battles and drove the great chieftain.

Maybe.

The shaman suddenly looked back. Surka naturally shifted his eyes like he was paying attention to another place. The shaman looked ahead again.

One day, the shaman had suddenly appeared. Maybe...

The moment he thought this, the shaman turned his head again. It was an unexpected move. Their eyes met. Red eyes.

Surka froze. The shaman stared at Surka before smiling. Then he turned to the front again. Surka let out a breath.

It was really awful.

The great chieftain raised his body in the sedan. The huge body looked around at the army.

He raised his double edged axe and shouted, “Don’t weaken! March! Continue to walk! Kuhahahahat!”

The flag fluttered. The harsh march continued.

CHAPTER 114

HARSH MARCH (2)

The day shone brightly. Crockta opened his eyes. His body felt refreshed.

“.....!”

Then it hit him. He felt too refreshed. He looked around, unable to see Tiyo and Anor, who slept in the same tent as him.

Crockta ran out.

“Wow. Did you just wake up *dot*?”

“Crockta is a sleepyhead.”

They had created a griddle and were cooking an unidentified meat on the campfire while laughing. The sun was bright.

“Why...?”

They were supposed to march along the path of the Great Clan once morning came, but morning had already arrived a long time ago. Caska walked forward with a smile.

“Why are you looking like that? I was being considerate towards you.”

“Did you delay it on purpose?”

“Yes.”

“The Great Clan...”

“The great chieftain is wounded. He won’t overdo it for a day or two so you can relax.” She deliberately delayed the march for Crockta.

“The faster we are, the better.”

He looked around. The dark elves were sitting around and enjoying their meals.

Crockta's face stiffened. "Caska."

"Why? Are you impressed?"

Crockta realized as he saw her smile. They didn't know war. They experienced combat, but never war. They didn't know how important half a day really was. They didn't know that one hour could determine defeat or victory in a war.

It was a bit hard and their bodies might be tired, but they had never experienced the result of delaying the schedule for a while. A knife was sufficient to kill a person. War was the process of sweeping p people with huge weapons. The wielded blade would never wait for them.

"Have you detected the Great Clan's movements?"

"The scouts will be coming back soon."

"You have failed to grasp it yet. We have to start."

"Crockta." Caska sighed, "We aren't the only troops. Even without us, there is a force in every city and the cities are working closely together. Try not to do it alone."

Her words weren't wrong. But even so, Crockta's instincts were telling him that they should move now.

Last night, he had seen the great chieftain's red eyes. There was no compromise or mercy in them. He didn't even see justification or ambition. There was just a strong desire to fight, blood lust and extreme aggression. Common sense shouldn't be applied to him.

Crockta spoke again. "We have to start as soon as possible."

Caska nodded at Crockta's determined gaze.

"Okay, okay. But you should eat first."

Despite her bad mood, she turned Crockta around and prompted him. Crockta felt hungry after hearing Caska's words. He should eat something as she said, then hopefully it wouldn't be too late when they started moving.

The anxiety that he felt might just be his overestimation of Calmahart.



Behind the tent, Tiyo and Anor were giggling while cooking the meat. Crockta walked up to them.

Tiyo went alert. “Those eyes seem like they desire meat *dot*.”

Anor chimed in, “If you don’t work then you don’t get to eat.”

“I won’t give it to the slacker who slept until noon *dot*.”

Tiyo shook some plants. “Well, how about this?”

Then Tiyo grabbed his body and laughed, Anor laughing along with him. The two of them were well suited for each other.

Tiyo said with a smiling face, “It is a joke *dot*, a joke. Now, take this. We can’t be inhospitable to Crockta *dot*.”

Then he picked up a small piece of meat. It was so small that it didn’t need to be bitten. Tiyo smiled.

“Crockta, diet *dot*!”

Then he glanced at Anor and they started giggling again.

“Ahahahat. How funny! Crockta on a diet”

“I’m just worried about the health of my companion *dot*! Kahahahahat!”

It was like the main character of a movie being annoyed by Extras 1 and 2. Crockta looked at Tiyo and Anor in turn. They were still giggling as they made skewers from branches and barely managed to turn the meat.

“Kilkil, ah hot! The branch is short *dot*!”

“Be careful. We are running out of twigs.”

“There is meat but no tool...”

Tiyo laughed again, “Well, there is a poor man over there who doesn’t even have meat *dot*... Huhuhu.”

“That isn’t a good attitude when trying to comfort someone. Hihit.”

“Then why are you laughing *dot*? Kuk...”

“What about Tiyo? Huhut...”

“The weather is so good that I’m laughing *dot*! Kuhihihit!”

“I am just laughing because of the wind. Hihihit!”

Crockta closed his eyes.

How sad was this? The young man Anor followed them because he trusted the warrior Crockta, only to be tainted by an opportunist called Tiyo. The recently odd man out, who only knew how to swear, was now trying to bully him!

Crockta raised his greatsword, its long shadow covering their heads. Tiyo and Anor flinched.

“D-Don’t tell me...”

“Hey, we were just teasing a bit... haha...”

Crockta’s eyes were sharp like needles. He shouted and swung the greatsword without hesitation.

“.....!”

“...Ah!”

The tip of the blade headed towards them. A piece of meat was on top of it. Crockta started using Ogre Slayer as a griddle to cook the meat. The masterpiece of the Golden Anvil Clan seemed greasy as the meat didn’t stick to it, sliding smoothly with every flick of Crockta’s wrist.

Tiyo and Anor watched as he scattered salt on the meat. He wanted a moderate amount of time before turning the meat over. The surface was smooth and the insides lightly cooked. The concentrated juices were caught in the meat.

“.....!”

Tiyo and Anor looked down at their branches. The roasted meat was burnt and some leaves were clinging to it, making it look completely unappetizing. However, if they used smaller branches, then the wood would keep breaking.

Crockta cut it with the blade. The perfect steak was shining right in front of them. Tiyo and Anor watched Crockta’s grilling and stared at his meat without realizing that their own cuts were burning.

Crockta’s hand moved slowly. The perfect steak was entering his mouth. The red juices would flow out when he bit it. The meat entering Crockta’s mouth wasn’t a simple meal, but a feast of flavor!

For Tiyo and Anor, who hadn’t enjoyed proper food due to the long camping, it was a delicacy. The first one to figure out the situation was Tiyo.

“I’m sorry *dot...*!”

Tiyo bowed humbly.

Crockta looked at Anor. Anor noticed it and succumbed to Crockta’s skills.

“Euh...” He flopped down. “I want to eat steak...”

Crockta stared at the two of them.

In the hopes that they wouldn’t fall prey to this evil path again, Crockta cried out.

“Say my name.”

“.....!”

“Who am I?”

Tiyo and Anor raised their heads. Crockta was flashing a benevolent smile at them,

like the face of a god in an old mural. They muttered blankly like they realized something, “Crockta...”

‘Yes, I am Crockta.’

Crockta stood up and got the meat from Tiyo and Anor’s side. Three big pieces were placed on Ogre Slayer. The greatsword was placed on the fire.

“A very gracious warrior.”

Tiyo and Anor repented over their behavior as they saw the sizzling meat.



“We really arrived,” muttered Warrior Surka.

The great chieftain’s harsh march eventually ended. They grabbed their weapons as they looked at the far-away fortress.

Emeranian. A dark elf city. It was one of the most prosperous places on the outskirts of the dark elf territory. If they broke it down, they could immediately go to key cities like Nameragon and Lorgarch. Beyond them was the world tree.

The moment they set fire to it, their victory would be confirmed. The north would fall and lay the foundations for the continent invasion. The great chieftain would make the whole north a tool for war and directly destroy the areas below them.

What would the world be like after the conquest was over?

Surka tried to let go of the thought.

“This is a city of weak people, garbage, made to be our slaves.”

The great chieftain rose from the sedan. His rough voice rang out. The shaman made a gesture with his hand.

The voice of the great chieftain rang out even further, “Take that place. I will allow you to do whatever you want. Make that place yours. I am giving it all to you.”

His eyes were red. He looked around at the orcs. The orc soldiers were tired but they

started to feel excited again.

Surka also felt something unknown burn in his chest. His heart started beating wildly. It was the feeling just before the battle begun. He wanted to feel the weight of the axe in his hand and listen to the weapon. He felt a sense of liberation whenever wielding the axe. He wanted to split the enemy's head apart.

Fight and win. These two thoughts dominated his head.

"The operation is against those weak bastards."

The great chieftain descended from the sedan. It staggered for a moment. The slaves flinched but the great chieftain showed no signs of caring. He just calmly wielded the axe. Some of the slaves holding the sedan chair died, the center of gravity collapsed and the rest were crushed by the chair.

The great chieftain jumped up immediately. He placed the weight of his whole body on the sedan. There was a snapping sound as bones were broken. The crushed slaves screamed. Blood flowed from beneath the sedan.

"We can obtain many slaves there." He laughed, "I will run and break the gate."

The great chieftain stretched out his hand. A huge gate. It was a solid gate that wouldn't collapse even when shot several times with a siege weapon.

"I will push them out." Then he lifted his axe. "Follow me. Slay! This operation will begin."

The orcs raised their weapons.

The warriors shouted, "The Great Clan's victory!"

The orc soldiers shouted along, "Victory!"

Surka was swept away by the voice of the great chieftain and the atmosphere here. He shouted along with the warriors, "Death to the enemies of the Great Clan!"

The orcs replied like they had been waiting, "Death!"

It was a signal. The great chieftain started running. The orcs followed him. The harsh

march obviously depleted their stamina but the orcs went on a rampage. Everybody ran without a fuss. There was a rain of arrows trying to stop them but they didn't care.

The great chieftain. They could only see him running. The giant rushed towards the fortress.

"Kuaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

The great chieftain's body swelled. A red aura surrounded him. It was the speed of a beast. The ground rang as he ran towards the fortress. His goal was the gate.

He raised the axe on his shoulder. It collided with the gate.

Kuaaaaaaaang!

One of them was broken. Dust rose. It was broken. Not the great chieftain but the gate.

"These garbage! Kill!"

The great chieftain shouted as he entered. He swung his axe. The severed bodies of the dark elves flew. The great chieftain alone broke the line of defense inside the gate. Like a swarm of ants, the orcs surged inside.

The slaughter began. No one could imagine the explosive and harsh march. In addition, the terrifying breakthrough.

A massacre. That day, Emeranian was eliminated.



The news about the fall of Emeranian was conveyed to Caska. The whole unit was amazed.

"We need to go to Nameragon," she spoke curtly.

Crockta didn't say anything. Her hometown was wiped out. Caska held herself accountable for the delayed march.

Therefore, Caska's troops turned towards Nameragon instead of their home. Just yesterday, they had been on their way home. But now everything was gone.

They left their hometown and walked towards Nameragon. She lost everything but her troops lowered their heads and grabbed each other's shoulders because they lost the same thing.

When the emotions rose, they dropped their heads and cried. They couldn't stop. They continued to walk. They tried to suppress the cries of the heart with physical pain.

It was a harsh march.

CHAPTER 115

MAKE A SOUND IN THE EAST, THEN STRIKE IN THE WEST (1)

Surka breathed out as he recalled the fight that just happened.

The trembling hands had ripped apart the enemies. He had slammed his fists into the faces of those who begged for their lives and broke their skulls. Then he had grabbed the pieces of their brains and threw them in the air while laughing.

This. It wasn't his way. It wasn't the way of fighting for Surka, elite warrior of the Great Clan and son of Shiktulla who had been the greatest warrior of the Steel Axe Tribe.

His heart still hadn't calmed down. The heartbeats shook his entire body. Every time his pulse jumped, the craving for blood rocked his body.

"Cough!"

He grabbed the neck of a dark elf who had swung a sword at him from behind a building. The dark elf's eyes widened. Surka's hands gripped tighter. The eyes of the dark elf became increasingly blurred. Saliva flowed down from his mouth.

Surka lifted the dark elf. The eyes were filled with fear at the thought of soon dying.

He stared into them. His face was reflected in the dark elf's eyes. Surka's eyes were as red as the great chieftain's. Surka was surprised at his appearance. He swung his fist and smashed the dark elf's face. The dark elf slumped down. He became a corpse and sagged down like a rag.

He threw the corpse and looked around.

"Kuaaahhhh!"

"Die!"

"Kuaaaaah!"

“Kyaaack!”

“The Great Clan’s victory!”

The noise of the battlefield flowed into his ears. Emeranian surrendered. All those able to fight the orc warriors had died.

The remaining dark elves were unable to fight. Women, children, the elderly. They were left. The battle was over but the slaughter continued.

It felt like Surka had lost his sense of reality. There was no sense of reality. He took a step forward. Someone’s legs were severed. They were thin and long, and belonged to a woman. He walked beyond it.

He met someone’s eyes, the eyes of a dead child. They couldn’t see anything and were looking into the distance. There was no body. The head had flown from somewhere else and turned upside down, showing the area that had been cut.

Surka went past it. He walked further and further. There were dark elves being collared and dragged by orcs. Those who rebelled were taken care of in a straightforward manner. Once the axes chopped at their friends or family, the rest calmed down. However, it wasn’t resignation, but hate burning in their eyes.

Suddenly, he made eye contact with an old dark elf. The elves lived twice as long as orcs. This dark elf had lived for a very long time. Surka could see the landscape of his life in his eyes. He didn’t despair or even cry. He just stared at Surka. Then his head was split apart.

“Why are you staring at a great warrior for, you bastard? Kuhuhu...”

The young warrior glanced at Surka. Surka moved past them. At the end, he found an old warrior looking at the landscape. Hammerchwi was watching the massacre with folded arms.

Surka called out to him, “Hammerchwi.”

“Surka.”

The great chieftain could be seen in the distance. He was a unique giant even among the orcs. Every time he laughed and waved his limbs, buildings collapsed or dark elves

died. He searched for all the dark elves remaining in Emeranian, along with his warriors.

“It has ended.”

“That’s right.”

“Then what do you feel?”

Surka looked at Hammerchwi. “Earlier, I wasn’t myself.”

“Surka...”

Once the great chieftain broke through the gates of Emeranian, all the orcs had been in a berserk state. They only instinctively called the enemy. They became strongest and faster beasts, but they lost their reasoning.

Surka didn’t want to end up like that again. The aftermath of the frenzy still disturbed him.

“I...”

“You aren’t the only one.”

Hammerchwi nodded. The moment Emeranian was destroyed by the orcs, there were those who paused and grabbed their heads. They looked around the city with perplexed eyes.

“I don’t know.”

Hammerchwi also knew what Surka was talking about.

What happened to the Great Clan? Obviously, they won. It was an overwhelming victory. Victory was the main goal of the Great Clan. However, the current scene before him didn’t feel like a victory.

“Surka.”

“Yes.”

“You are the son of Shiktulla.”

“That’s right.”

Shiktulla, the chief of the Steel Axe Tribe, was a renowned warrior in the north. The Steel Axe Tribe had fought the Great Clan to the end, but they were eventually defeated by the Great Clan’s leader and incorporated into the clan. It was the result of a fair fight. Shiktulla was famous, even when he became a member of the Great Clan.

“Do you know this word?”

Then he whispered something to Surka. Surka’s eyes became distant. He had heard it once. Yes, it was the word that his father had told him. The forgotten voice was revived.

“Yes, my father said it sometimes.”

“I see.” Hammerchwi nodded. Then he placed an arm around Surka’s shoulder. “Don’t forget to remember this.”

“What do you mean?”

“I knew about it. But...”

Someone grabbed Hammerchwi’s foot.

An orc. They had won, but there were orcs who suffered from the dark elves’ intense resistance. This orc was dying and blood spilled out from wounds covering his entire body. Hammerchwi looked into his eyes and nodded.

Then his hammer broke the orc’s head. A clean blow. Hammerchwi sent the unknown orc to his death.

Hammerchwi held his hammer and said, “One day, it might answer you.”

The old warrior, Hammerchwi, smiled. He was old but as he grew older, he realized that he didn’t know anything. Everybody encountered a shipwreck in life. Sometimes it was because of them or sometimes it was through malice. They might not know where they were going but they would eventually wash up somewhere. However, sometimes a lighthouse was sufficient to get them back on track.

“Hammerchwi. Surka. The great chieftain is convening the warriors,” an orc soldier told them.

The great chieftain had set up his throne in the middle of Emeranian’s square and was sitting on it. The newly picked dark elf slaves were by his side. The great chieftain laughed. The core power of the Great Clan, the great warriors were gathered. They weren’t many but they were skilled warriors who had gone through many battlefields. For ordinary soldiers, they were elites who were difficult to engage with.

The great chieftain explained the next plan.

Surka looked at the shaman while listening. He wore a robe and stood silently behind the great chieftain. It was surely a thought from the shaman’s head.

“The next goal is Juora,” declared the great chieftan.



“The orc troops are heading north towards Nameragon. The unit that captured Nuridot will also join them. Their numbers are huge so let’s go quickly.”

Caska said. They marched without a break after hearing the news. Caska felt guilty about not listening to Crockta’s words and had a stricter command over the schedule.

“Isn’t there a possibility that they will go to Juora?”

“They will act to capture Nameragon. Then they will quickly advance to Spinoa.”

Crockta nodded. The battle at Nameragon would happen in a matter of days. The great chieftain had to be removed there. The adventure in the north was now approaching the climax. There was a lot of work to do in the meantime. Most of the problems were caused by the mad great chieftain. He would calm the north and then return to the continent again.

“Depart.”

The troops began marching again. They needed to arrive at Nameragon in the shortest time. The harsh march continued. Nameragon was quiet. There were no signs of fighting yet. Caska was relieved.

They had hurried to Emeranian and now it was time to take a break. The orc army hadn't arrived at Nameragon yet. Crockta entered Nameragon and suddenly felt strange.

It was an unknown feeling. It was calm. His instincts warned him of something. It wasn't the air of a city just before a war. As if this wasn't the next battlefield, his whole body was telling him to look elsewhere.

He looked outside the city. The orcs weren't visible yet.

Crockta invoked a skill that he didn't want to use.

[Gray God's Eyes (Outside the Ratings) has been activated.]

After discovering the world of Elder Lord was another dimension, there was a sense of rejection about reading the life span of others. So he used this skill once more. But at this moment, it was necessary.

Then he read the lifespan of Nameragon's citizens and soldiers.

".....!"

No. It wasn't here.

Crockta stopped.

"Crockta, why are you so slow *dot*?" Tiyo asked.

Crockta didn't answer as he looked at Nameragon with the Gray God's Eyes. The lifespans of those who were at war were mixed up. It was a war between those who would die soon and those who would die later, a cross between life and death.

But none of the children in Nameragon would die in the near future. At the very least, they wouldn't die in the next week. This meant the battle wouldn't happen soon.

He realized the source of his discomfort. It wasn't Nameragon. If so, what was the

identity of the large unit?

“Make a sound in the east, then strike in the west,” muttered Crockta

The large army was clearly heading towards Nameragon. However, another force would be heading towards Juora. With the power of the great chieftain and the great warriors following him, it was possible to take a small city. That was the great chieftain’s crazy power. Juora was in danger.

“Did you say Driden is at Juora?”

“I heard it *dot*. That bastard.”

“.....”

Even so, Driden couldn’t deal with the great chieftain. Right now, they had to move.

“Caska!” Crockta called out to her.

She looked back. “Crockta.”

It was still a weak voice. Crockta approached her.

Her eyes widened at Crockta’s urgent voice. “What’s going on?”

“There is no time to explain in detail.”

Crockta explained the whole story. He had a weak ability to predict where battles would take place and it wasn’t here. After the big army had settled in, they would use a few elites to strike Juora. There was no time left.

She didn’t seem to believe it. “Even so, we can’t leave the large army alone. It is also too late if we join now.”

“Juora is in danger.”

“It can’t be helped.”

Emeranian had changed her personality. She became more serious about the war. It couldn’t be helped, even if Juora fell. She was afraid of Nameragon and Spinoa being

invaded. It would soon be followed by the fall of the dark elves. The larger mission was to protect this place.

“Then I’ll go alone.” Crockta declared.

Caska frowned.

“Crockta, it is too late now. Rather...”

“No, I have to go.”

Crockta had no intention of letting the sacrifices grow any further. Kill the great chieftain. He had to try.

“What are you saying *dot*?”

Tiyo and Anor walked over and stood beside Crockta.

“I won’t let Crockta go alone *dot*. We will go together *dot*.”

They had listened to Crockta’s conversation. Tiyo had never seen Crockta talk nonsense. Sometimes he made odd jokes, but he also made the right decision when it came to someone’s life. Crockta was a man more reliable than anything else. If Crockta said Juora was in danger, Juora was in danger.

Tiyo trusted him. It was the same for Anor.

As Tiyo and Anor looked up at her, Caska was forced to nod. She was concerned about Crockta, but he was the strongest warrior so knew and a man who determined his own path. It wasn’t necessary for her to worry.

“I’ll give you the fastest caruk...”

“No,” interrupted Anor.

Crockta and Tiyo looked at him. Anor didn’t meddle in much.

“I heard that there was a museum in Nameragon,” Anor said.

He was a dark elf who grew up in Nuridot. Although he had no affection for them, he

saw the innocent people of his hometown dying. He couldn't hide behind Crockta and Tiyo just because he was scared. It was his turn to act.

There were also things he could do in his own way.

Anor suddenly said, "I heard that the stuffed body of a super fast mutant wyvern that frightened Nameragon in the past is contained there."

CHAPTER 116

MAKE A SOUND IN THE EAST, THEN STRIKE IN THE WEST (2)

Nameragon had a museum that recorded the history and events of the city.

There was a display of the wyvern Boro, who once terrorized the citizens of Nameragon. It was killed by the hunter Tunishi, who left his name on Nameragon's history. Boro was a quick and brilliant wyvern who enjoyed hunting dark elves, unlike the wyverns who rarely attacked the cities.

Boro would invade Nameragon under the cover of night and kidnapped people for dinner. There was a huge number of victims. Nameragon invited Tunishi, a well-known hunter who had profound knowledge. He was able to kill Boro by installing traps and tracking his nest.

The identity of the wyvern was a mutant. He was much bigger than a usual wyvern and his teeth were sharp. The steel-like skin was incomparable to any wyvern. Now he was on display as a piece of Nameragon's history.

Tiyo muttered to himself, "This is a wyvern right *dot*?"

The hard skin was removed and its fierce eyes were empty. However, the magnificent skeleton still had its wings spread wide and seemed to be threatening the dark elves.

"How are you going to do this *dot*?"

Right now, the dark elves were in an emergency state and had to use anything to counter the invasion of the orcs. So when Anor said that he would use the displayed wyvern, Mayor Radet nodded without a word.

However, Crockta and Tiyo didn't know how Anor planned to use this. They could only guess. And it surely became a reality.

Anor closed his eyes, the power of the young necromancer embracing the old skeleton. The magic power flowed in streams and captured its core. A necromancer linked life

and death. The soul that left the world couldn't be restored. But the traces of the dead left behind would follow his will. There were things that remained after death.

Their grudges. Would there be such a thing in this old wyvern's body?

Anor focused his mind. It was empty, but he didn't give up and persuaded the wyverns. Sometimes there would be unforgettable memories that didn't disappear, even after the wyvern's death.

".....!"

The wyvern's wings were shaking. The museum manager watched with shock.

"Ohhh...!"

"I've found it." Anor smiled.

Anor reached out his hand and the wyvern's skull moved slightly. The rest of the wyvern bones started to move.

"What do you want?"

Anor was no longer seeing just a pile of bones. Boro was a breathing and living wyvern. He gazed at the serene eyes of the wyvern who ate a lot of dark elves.

Anor winked. Boro made a sound that conveyed his intentions to Anor. It was what the wyvern wanted. Anor nodded. He would do what the wyvern wanted.

"Crockta. Tiyo. Jump."

"G-Get on this *dot*? I think my bum will..."

"It will be okay."

Anor was well aware of the experience due to being a friend of Third Dragon. Drakes and wyverns were different from horses. There was no need for a saddle because they didn't shake up and down.

Boro responded to Anor's resurrection magic and stepped forward. The museum started shaking. It was a magnificent spectacle. Boro moved his head. He looked

around the museum where he was confined before glancing up at the glass ceiling. Towards the blue expanse.

Crockta asked the museum director to get a thick cloth and rope. The cloth was placed over the bones and tied with the rope. Anor, Crockta, and Tiyo then got on Boro's back.

"Excuse me..."

The museum director opened his mouth with much difficulty and asked, "Why inside...?"

That's right. Why were they riding Boro here?

Anor grinned. "Because we are going right now."

"Huh?"

Boro's wings started to move. The bones that made up his body started to slowly rise. A gust of wind struck the museum director. Boro sprang from the floor and flew towards the sky. The glass ceiling was instantly broken by the body.

"Wahh!" The scream of the museum director was heard from below, but they didn't care.

Boro flew into the sky. The wide expanse. It was his dream. He wanted to soar in the blue sky once again.

"Let's go, Boro."

Boro made a loud sound. He didn't have any vocal organs but they seemed to hear the roar of a wyvern. Then the wyvern started to fly south, towards Juora. The air was torn apart. Boro quickly moved through the sky.

"Ohhhh! I *dot*! The sky *dot*! Crockta! We're flying!"

"Kulkulkul, why are you such a hillbilly? You're acting like it's the first time you're flying or something."

"What, what *dot*? You've never flown in the sky before either! How would you get into

the sky *dot*?”

“There is such a thing.”

“Don’t lie *dot*!”

“Rural gnome...”

“You can’t get away with that remark *dot*! This is species discrimination, discrimination! Besides, Quantas is a city!”

Crockta started laughing. Of course, it was different. Sitting in a plane was completely different from feeling the wind directly brush against his skin. Besides, he had friends next to him.

Crockta grinned. He wouldn’t let Juora fall to ruin.

“Crockta, Tiyo.” Then Anor opened his mouth, “Can I ask one thing?”

“Of course.”

“What is it *dot*?”

“Why are the two of you going so far as to fight against the great chieftain?”

Anor first met them in the Luklan Mountains. At the time, the orc and gnome had protected the Luklan Mountains from the Great Clan. He helped Nuridot by defeating the orcs of the Great Clan. Crockta gave advice to Anor about the bullying and after Nuridot, he rescued Nameragon. Crockta was able to defend Emeranian by fighting alone against all the orcs. Zelkian, the leader of the dark elves, trusted him.

They were an orc and gnome, and right now the dark elves were the ones in need. If they wanted to live comfortably, they could. However, they came to this hard and inhospitable place and helped people.

Tiyo delayed his search for his father while Crockta turned the orcs into his enemies.

The great chieftain was strong. A fearsome monster. Anor wanted to know what made them fight to the end against such a being.

“The question is wrong *dot*.”

“Huh?”

“We know why we are doing it, and you do as well. The whole world knows that the great chieftain is crazy.”

“Ah...”

Anor realized.

It wasn't 'why.' It was 'how'. How couldn't a strong and righteous man fight for what he believed in?

“Huhu, you have the chance to ask again *dot*. This won't come twice.”

Anor held Boro's neck tightly and asked again. He heard Tiyo's reply and became more curious.

“Then, how can you fight so hard?”

Why struggle for their lives? Instead of answering, Tiyo knocked on Crockta who was sitting behind him. It was the signal for Crockta to respond. Crockta started laughing.

He knew Anor's heart. At one time, he also had that question. Of course, now he knew the answer.

Crockta replied, “Because I am afraid of dying.”

“Huh?”

Anor looked back with wide eyes. It was difficult for him to understand heading into a dangerous battlefield because of a fear of dying.

Crockta grinned. He threw out an old question, “Anor, are you living right now?”

Anor still didn't understand.

Crockta recalled old memories. They were the final words that Lenox, the great warrior, had shouted to Crockta. At that time, he had the same expression but now he

could answer. He wasn't an apprentice anymore but an honorable orc warrior.

"Just because you are breathing doesn't mean you're alive, Anor!"

A look of realization appeared on Anor's face.

Crockta smiled. "Just because your body is moving doesn't mean that you are alive. I fight to be truly alive."

Anor had a bemused expression on his face. As if responding to Crockta's voice, Boro the wyvern sped up again. He moved through the wide expanse. The wind rushed past them as they headed towards Juora.

Anor grabbed Boro's neck. "In order to be truly alive..."

Now Juora was really close. They saw the collapsed walls of Juora from far away. Orcs had already entered inside. From the sky, the huge figure of the great chieftain could be seen. He was indiscriminately wielding his axe and destroying the city. A dark elf was wielding a double sword against him, but he had already lost.

The warriors started their slaughtering. The dark elves were helpless.

"Boro!"

Crockta shouted. Tiyo prepared General at the cry.

"Rush at full speed!"

In response, Boro moved even faster downhill. The goal was the great chieftain. Boro dived towards that place.

"I will descend by myself!"

Crockta got up from his spot. The great chieftain realized and raised his head. His red eyes met Crockta's.

Crockta grinned.

Boro turned his body at a breathtaking angle. Crockta didn't miss that moment as he used the gravity to fly towards the great chieftain.

A great drop!

"Bul'tarrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr——!"

There was an explosion as they collided.



Surka moved his axe. Thanks to the shaman's power, they could deceive and infiltrate the enemy's border.

It wasn't difficult once they entered through the gate. It was sufficient to run along with the great chieftain. The great chieftain started to run rampant and the warriors followed. They were elites of the Great Clan and knew better than anyone what to do the moment the gate was broken.

“Kuaaaaaaaaaaaaah!”

The great chieftain wielded his axe with a roar. The head and body of a dark elf were separated. The confused face flew through the air. The great warriors also went wild. Their eyes were red. Their boss was a monster who smashed a gate with his body and dyed the earth red in one strike.

He felt a surge of emotion. Blood was needed.

“Cough!”

Surka cut the shoulder of the dark elf who had fired an arrow at him. The dark elf fell over. Surka stepped on his face and jumped. The escaping dark elf raised his weapon. The enemy was instantly killed. The feeling of the spine being crushed was always sweet.

The dark elves were weak. The great chieftain was right. Surka smiled. The great chieftain's madness was spreading like a plague as they killed everything in their sight.

The area around the main gate of Juora started to be flooded with blood. The reinforcements from the other walls were rushing, but now there were no strong walls protecting them. There was nothing standing between the axes and the bodies.

They just faced each other. It was clear what would be broken.

“Victory!”

Surka wielded his axe towards a dark elf.

Kakang!

However, it was blocked.

“.....!”

He stepped back, but the blades chased him. Surka focused. At that moment, the world slowed. He was a great warrior. A great warrior who knew he could split apart the world at this moment.

But,

“Keuak!”

The opponent’s blade split apart his realm. Fast. It was too fast for him. A powerhouse. Surka twisted his body and barely avoided a mortal wound. Blood flowed from his arm. Surka retreated and stared at the opponent.

A dark elf wielding double swords. The purple eyes gazed at him without any emotion.

“You...!”

Surka tried to attack again, but the dark elf ignored the orc warrior as if he didn’t care about him. He headed towards the great chieftain.

Surka’s pride was hurt, but he could only watch as the great chieftain grinned at the opponent. He couldn’t interrupt the great chieftain’s fight.

The dark elf and great chieftain started fighting. His dual swordsmanship was brilliant. It was so fast and elaborate that the great chieftain found it hard to follow. The swords moved through the gaps and wounded the great chieftain’s body.

However, the opponent was a non-standard monster, the great chieftain Calmahart. This wouldn’t work on him. Despite the accumulated damage, Calmahart’s madness seemed amplified as he laughed. In the end, he managed to catch the dark elf.

“Kuhahahahat!”

“Kuheook!”

“How ludicrous!”

Calmahart’s fist collided with the dual wielding dark elf. He flew through the air. He had sliced Calmahart many times with his blades. Then Calmahart struck once with his fist.

However, that one blow was stronger. The great chieftain’s wounds had already recovered, leaving no traces of the sword. The dark elf squirmed on the floor, unable to recover. This was the difference in power.

“Kuaaaaahhhhh!”

The great chieftain roared. The warriors were thrilled and repeated their war cry.

“For the Great Clan’s victory!”

“Death to the enemies of the Great Clan!”

Then the great chieftain laughed and raised his axe to finish off the dark elf.

The moment he was about to kill the enemy...

Suddenly, the sound of the howling wind was heard.

“.....?”

Surka raised his head. The wind made a rushing sound. From the distant sky above their heads, something was closing in. Incredibly fast.

Before he could figure out what it was, it had already nosedived towards them.

“.....!”

Its target was the great chieftain. Gradually, it got bigger. The great chieftain was also amazed. However, it was too late. It flew from the sky and slammed into the body of the great chieftain.

At that moment, Surka heard it clearly.

‘Do you know this word?’

It was the word that both Hammerchwi and Surka's father had said,
“Bul'tarrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr——!”

A huge explosion occurred where the great chieftain was. The orcs and dark elves stared blankly.

As dust rose from the aftermath, Surka saw it. The great chieftain was lying down. The thing that hit him was staggering up. It was the appearance of an orc warrior holding a greatsword.

'One day, it might answer you.'

CHAPTER 117

FIRST STRIKE (1)

Crockta raised his body.

His whole body creaked and groaned, a cacophony of injuries that was hard to bear. Calmahart, who was the victim of his kinetic energy, should be a mess inside and outside the body. He looked down at the great chieftain, who didn't move like he was a dead man.

Now that the dust settled down, all eyes in Juora were on him. The orcs and dark elves, everyone was shocked by Crockta's appearance.

Crockta raised his greatsword before the orcs could recover. The warriors finally realized the situation and moved their bodies, but Crockta's greatsword didn't stop. Ogre Slayer descended towards the fallen Calmahart.

"Waahh!"

"Great chieftain!"

The screams of the dark elves and the orcs mingled together.

And Crockta. His face distorted.

"Kuhuhuhu..."

Truly a monster. Calmahart had grabbed the greatsword with his bare hands. Crockta gazed at him and smiled. The eyes of the great chieftain were clearer than ever. Calmahart also smiled at Crockta. It was a horrible smile that didn't care about the blood flowing from his mouth.

He got up. Crockta tried to pull back the greatsword but it didn't move within the grasp. Crockta kicked Calmahart's body. It felt like a rock. But it was useless. The great chieftain slowly lifted his head.

"We meet again..."

Calmahart stood up while still holding Ogre Slayer's blade.

"Crockta."

He remembered Crockta's name and then wielded Ogre Slayer.

"Kuhahahahat!"

"Kuhuk!"

Crockta persisted in holding the handle of Ogre Slayer. As Crockta didn't let go even when it was shaken left and right, the great chieftain threw Crockta along with the greatsword. His body was thrown back and he hit a wall.

"Cough!"

Crockta raised his body. His head was ringing. The moment he wanted to grab his forehead to recover from the shock...

A shadow entered his field of view.

".....!"

Crockta instinctively wielded the greatsword. It was stuck in something heavy.

"Ueeh...!"

It was a halberd that a great warrior had aimed at him. Crockta swung the greatsword back around and beheaded him. Blood flowed onto the ground from the body of the dead warrior.

His opponent wasn't just Calmahart. This was a war. The Great Clan warriors slowly started approaching Crockta. Crockta raised his greatsword.

Then he laughed. "Yes, it should be like this."

Things were never easy. He always performed the most difficult missions in the most dangerous place. It would be too easy if it was finished like this.

Crockta searched for any gaps as he was surrounded by the warriors. He had to kill

the weakest one and escape the disadvantageous formation. Grasp the weakest person, the weak point, and then bite.

It was war.

At that moment, he could hear, “Don’t forget us *dot!*”

There was a colorful bombardment of energy. Magic power bullets poured from the sky, causing the warriors to retreat. It was Tiyo. Tiyo’s General had developed even further. General Vulcan rotated and fired bullets indiscriminately.

Boro kept turning around, making it easier for Tiyo to attack. Then the dark elves recovered their minds and started fighting. Arrows flew.

“It has been a while.”

A familiar voice was also heard. Life was always unknown. He never expected that he would welcome this twisted voice.

“Are you weak? You must be exhausted with that blow.”

Driden. He had recovered from the impact and was standing with his double swords. His face was a mess thanks to Calmahart, but he was gazing in front of him in a sharp manner.

Crockta laughed, “You really look pitiful after just one blow.”

“What, were you watching?” Driden also grinned. It was hard to see his smile.

“A monster.”

“Monster.”

They muttered at the same time as they gazed at the approaching Calmahart.

“I will take care of the rest.” Driden said. His double swords started to flow like he was already in combat. The moment someone entered that trajectory, it would become a storm.

“The great chieftain?”

“You take care of it.”

Crockta laughed out loud. It was a pleasure to be recognized by a great fighter like Driden, but it was never pleasant to deal with that monster alone. But it couldn't be helped. Crockta raised his greatsword. He exchanged a glance with Driden. There was brief eye contact and they nodded. Then both of them rushed out at the same time.

The great chieftain was in front of him. Crockta jumped up and roared, “Bul'tarrrr!”

He brandished his greatsword. The great chieftain also wielded his double edged axe. Both weapons hit each other. His hands shook from the crushing impact. Crockta dug in and aimed for the great chieftain's lower body. The great chieftain stepped back and aimed at Crockta's head. The attacks of the two missed. They hit air instead of each other.

Crockta accelerated his body. His field of view was clear. His keen senses read the surroundings. Now his power was at the Pinnacle. Crockta's movements encouraged the great chieftain. He also entered that realm.

This was no longer a fight, but a dance that was a mix of the sword and axe. The axe aimed at the neck while the greatsword aimed at the abdomen. Just before they dealt the fatal blow, their bodies twisted once again.

Their weapons stopped in the air. Their bodies met instead of retreating. They punched and kicked each other. Crockta was pushed back. The great chieftain laughed and raised his axe again. Crockta spat out blood and lifted the greatsword. Ogre Slayer vibrated.

“Join me, Crockta.” Calmahart laughed. “You are qualified to enter the Great Clan. I'll give you the position of a clan chief.”

Clan chief. There was no such position in the Great Clan. The leader of the clan was the great chieftain. Calmahart wanted Crockta so much that he even created a new position.

But...

He knew Crockta and knew that Crockta would refuse. Crockta lifted Ogre Slayer instead of responding.

“Kuahahahat! Good answer!” The great chieftain jumped forward while reaching out a hand. Crockta’s greatsword responded by blocking the axe held in one hand. It was an overwhelming confidence in his strength.

Crockta squeezed more strength into his muscles. Just before Calmahart’s other hand grabbed his head, Crockta’s greatsword blew away the axe and became stuck in Calmahart’s side. Calmahart’s eyes widened.

“Too prideful, Calmahart!”

Crockta twisted the blade and made the wound wider. Calmahart groaned. Crockta kicked him. Calmahart fell back. Calmahart grabbed the axe and defended against the new blow from the greatsword.

Kakang!

Kang!

Kakang!

Crockta attacked while Calmahart defended. The great warriors watching the great chieftain couldn’t believe their eyes. No warrior had pushed the great chieftain this far. The previous attack was a raid. But now, even in the unfavorable situation surrounded by opponents, the orc from the continent was facing the great chieftain.

The great chieftain swung his axe but Crockta avoided it. Calmahart’s abdomen was pierced again.

“Kuhuhuhu...”

Calmahart laughed. But unlike his facial expression, an intense anger was boiling up inside him. It was different from Driden’s case. Crockta’s blows were heavy compared to the double swords. The internal damage was huge.

This shouldn’t be the case. He was the great chieftain, Calmahart. He always had to win overwhelmingly.

“Kuaaaaaaaaaaaaah!”

His eyes reddened again. The muscles swelled. A tremendous power rose. This

unprecedented power made him feel like he could tear apart the orc from the continent with his bare hands. The madness eroded his head. He grasped the axe. His hands gripping the axe trembled.

The wounds instantly recovered. Calmahart's red eyes stared at Crockta.

"Look at the little tricks again. Kuhuhuhu."

Crockta's eyes changed. Calmahart had once again fallen into a frenzied state. Something was shining on his forehead. Now Crockta could see. Calmahart borrowed the power of something in this world, just like how Zelkian was the apostle of the world tree. This was what made Calmahart a terrifying monster.

Crockta declared, "How shameful, Calmahart."

"What do you mean?"

"Your strength isn't something that you obtained yourself."

Crockta stretched and placed his greatsword on his shoulder. He openly stared at Calmahart.

"If it weren't for that power, you would be worse off than your own men. Isn't that right?"

"Nonsense!" Calmahart exploded, "Stop the bullshit! Garbage———!"

He wielded the double edged sword furiously. Crockta retreated but his front was still cut. The berserk Calmahart had unbelievable power and speed. Despite the world slowing down, Calmahart's axe tore through that slow world.

Crockta blocked with his greatsword. However, the impact shook his whole body.

"Trash from the continent———!"

Calmahart didn't miss this chance and came running at Crockta. As soon as Crockta hit the wall, the double edged axe would mangle his body.

Crockta gritted his teeth. He couldn't change directions in the air. The great chieftain was going to kill him.

At that moment. He felt something flying from behind him. His extremely keen senses recognized it without seeing it. It was General's bullets that were aiming for the great chieftain.

Tiyo's support. However, that alone couldn't deter Calmahart. He wasn't an ordinary orc but a monster. Crockta quickly calculated how to break through this crisis. The short moment where the great chieftain was holding his axe felt like eternity.

Maybe. Crockta gritted his teeth. One method came to mind. It was a scene drawn through his instinct, not his head.

Crockta threw his greatsword. Ogre Slayer flew in the air, spinning round and round. He couldn't put any strength into it because he couldn't pivot. The greatsword slowly moved towards the great chieftain, or it was more like the great chieftain was rushing towards the stopped sword.

And...

General's bullets hit Ogre Slayer.

".....!"

They hit the handle of Ogre Slayer. The sudden shock caused Ogre Slayer to turn fiercely towards the great chieftain. It spun like a pinwheel towards the great chieftain. Calmahart, who was about to swing the axe, couldn't avoid Ogre Slayer and clutched his face.

"Kuaack!"

Ogre Slayer raked across his face as it passed by. Calmahart let go of the axe and grabbed his face.

"Kuaaaaak!"

Crockta finally hit the wall and slid to the ground. A huge shock wave. He felt nauseated.

"Kuaaaaak!"

Calmahart's mad shout resonated through the area. Crockta hurriedly got up. Ogre

Slayer was at Calmahart's feet. The bloody face of the great chieftain stared at him. Crockta forcibly smiled.

Calmahart's huge body was approaching him. Calmahart's bloody face made him look like a demon. It was an urgent situation.

Crockta quickly said, "Look at that expression."

Then Calmahart's face distorted further as he lifted his double edged axe high into the air, its grim shadow covering Crockta's head.

CHAPTER 118

FIRST STRIKE (2)

Surka took deep breaths. The fight was taking longer due to the sudden appearance of Crockta and the unknown wyvern.

“Anor! Use your strength *dot!* Raise the corpses *dot!*”

“Boro alone is hard!”

“Just slow the orcs down *dot!*”

“I’m afraid I have to go down to do that. My strength has also fallen...”

“This useless bastard *dot!*”

“What? Fuc... oof!”

Annoying voices were heard above him but there was no way to shoot them down. Some took a bow from the dark elves and fired, but the bone wyvern skillfully turned and avoided the attack. The bombardment from the artifact was gradually decreasing. The gnome’s magic power was running out so he didn’t indiscriminately fire his magic bullets like the first time.

It was a little slow but it was almost their victory. The dark elf archers dropped one by one while the dual-wielding swordsman was blocked by the warriors. No matter how strong the dark elf was, it was useless if there were a lot of warriors sticking together.

The only thing left was the orc. The orc warrior from the continent, Crockta.

Surka was watching his fight with the great chieftain. Then he was surprised once again.

Power, speed, skill, battle senses, everything blended to make the perfect warrior. As Surka watched the battle between him and the great chieftain, Crockta became the standard of warrior that he wanted to be.

The great chieftain overwhelmed with his opponent with tremendous power and physical abilities. But that was it. Surka couldn't feel any elegance or surprise from him. The monstrous power was the only astounding thing. However, the techniques and calm responses that Crockta showed were on a higher level.

He didn't shake even as he fought the great chieftain. Rather, it was the great chieftain who received a critical wound.

Surka didn't know what to do as he clenched his fist. In the end, the great chieftain opened his power, which caused his eyes to become the distinctive red color as he was swept up in the berserk state.

Even Crockta couldn't deal with the rampaging chieftain. He lost his sword. It was surprising enough for him to injure the face of the great chieftain in a desperate sword throw. However, in the end, he stood before the great chieftain with his bare hands.

"Ahh..."

Surka didn't know why he felt sad when he saw the orc being beaten up.

"Kuhahahahat! Die! Die, scum! Orc traitor!"

The great chieftain wielded his double edged axe, but within a short time, he was mercilessly beating Crockta up with his bare hands. It was to destroy the enemy in the most primitive way. Crockta, who had been wielding his fists, eventually started to get hit with no resistance. It was an overwhelming power difference that technique couldn't overcome.

The ragged Crockta was lying on the ground.

"Die!"

The great chieftain wielded his fists towards the fallen Crockta.

Peeok! Peeok! Peeok!

Every time he punched, Crockta's body shook.

Surka turned his eyes away. It was a distressing sight. The opponent was a great warrior who shouldn't die here. However, he was caught in the great chieftain's

madness and would eventually die a gruesome death.

“Surka.”

As Surka turned, one of the great warriors called out to him, “The dark elves are running.”

“What do you mean?”

“Due to the battle being delayed over here, the residents are opening the gates on the opposite side and escaping from Juora.”

“That...”

Surka was about to unconsciously answer before stopping. There were complex emotions in the eyes of the warrior facing him.

They didn’t deal with civilians. They might’ve won the battle, but their opponents were soldiers and warriors, not the inhabitants who didn’t know how to fight.

However, Calmahart changed this rule once he became the great chieftain. They shouldn’t let the residents escape; their options were either to kill them or enslave them. The great chieftain wanted to reign over the north with overwhelming fear.

Surka had participated in the massacre of Emeranian. Under the direction of the great chieftain, he forgot the guilt and slaughtered people. However, as the adrenaline from the battle fell, he became doubtful about the things he had done.

But even those feelings were gradually being worn down. Surka suspected that he might be going mad like the great chieftain.

“Stop them.” But this was currently the battlefield. They had to follow the instructions of the great chieftain first. “Quickly clean up this place and catch the residents. The great chieftain needs slaves.”

“But...”

The warrior pointed to the battlefield. The gnome was still firing magic bullets from the wyvern, while dark elves ran around the buildings and fired arrows. The dark elf with the double swords was resisting to the end.

More than anything else. Crockta had suddenly got up and was facing Calmahart. His bloody and swollen face rose again to confront the great chieftain. The Ogre Slayer that he had recovered while rolling around was dragging against the ground. He staggered and it seemed difficult for him to even hold the sword.

“You don’t deserve that quality piece of equipment.”

Calmahart raised his double edged axe and prepared to run forward and finish Crockta off.

Surka approached Calmahart and said, “Great chieftain.”

The great chieftain looked at him the moment he called. Surka flinched. The killing intent in the eyes was directed at him. It felt like Calmahart would swing his axe at Surka.

Surka gulped and continued, “The residents are escaping.”

“So?”

“If the fight becomes longer...”

As Surka was reporting to the great chieftain, laughter was heard.

“.....!”

It was Crockta. Crockta laughed as he looked at them with his messed up face, while the greatsword was on his shoulders.

“If you want to go...”

It was a weary voice. It seemed difficult to lift the greatsword.

“You will need to pass by me.”

However, he once again opened his mouth. He lifted the greatsword from his shoulders. It was a horrible face was broken and made swollen by Calmahart. It was a sad sight as the tattooed body became completely covered in blood. However, he smiled again.

“Come.”

Surka saw his appearance and was thrilled once again.

‘What do you think a true warrior is, Surka?’

His father, Shiktulla, the chief warrior of the Steel Axe Tribe had asked him. Surka had said things like power, skill, physical fitness, battle senses, etc. He wanted to be a big and strong warrior, so he always ate meat and worked on his muscles.

Shiktulla just smiled at Surka. His father never answered him directly. One day he would become aware of it himself. Today, Surka met a man who had everything he mentioned in childhood. But it wasn’t what really made him a warrior. This.

That smile. It was that smile that resembled Shiktulla.

“I understand, no more dragging it out. I will kill you.”

Calmahart laughed. Now the battle was almost over. The dark elves were out of their league and the ranged bombardment of the gnome from the sky was slowly fading away. The only thing left was the orc.

The great chieftain and all the warriors who followed him turned their gazes to Crockta. However, he never turned his head away. He took one step forward.

The sword made a sound. An orc fighting alone against an army.

“I’m envious,” Surka muttered to himself.

He envied Crockta. He was ashamed of himself. He had crossed the line to become a warrior. He had fought and killed on the great chieftain’s command. He looked down at his axe that became increasingly covered in blood. He had believed that he would someday become a true warrior in the north and throughout the continent.

But now he knew that would never come to pass.

He couldn’t attack the warriors of the Great Clan alone, as one person against an army. A warrior was someone who confronted others with a sword, not someone who wielded that sword towards civilians and turned them into slaves.

Surka gritted his teeth and took one step closer. Their eyes met.

“.....!”

The greatsword flew towards him. At that moment, it seemed more like an axe than a greatsword. The shape of an axe overlapped with the greatsword heading towards Surka. It was caused by Crockta's fierce spirit.

“Ugh!”

Surka barely managed to block it. However, the greatsword flew towards his head once again. It looked like a hammer now, not a greatsword.

“.....!”

The face of an orc that he had never seen before was superimposed on top of Crockta's vicious visage. The hammer crashing down towards him gave off the illusion of a mountain.

Other Great Clan warriors helped Surka but greatsword bounced off yet again. A chill went down Surka's spine as he barely survived.

The appearance of numerous orcs covered Crockta. It was a sight he was seeing for the very first time. There was a vicious orc like Crockta, covered with tattoos and scars of battle. There was one monster that overwhelmed dozens of great warriors. All their eyes were burning like Crockta's.

It was a bizarre illusion. Crockta was clearly alone but he looked like an army was fighting with him.

“Killing innocent people!” Crockta shouted. “Making slaves of orcs and other species!”

Now Crockta went forward, prompting the Great Clan warriors to retreat... The great chieftain stood and wielded his double edged axe, but Crockta blocked it with his greatsword. Sparks flew.

“Great Clan in the north—————!”

Crockta's roar overpowered all other sound in the world and captured their eardrums. Crockta jumped and aimed the greatsword at Calmahart's neck.

“Where is your honor as a warrior——!”

Surka dropped his weapon.

CHAPTER 119

FIRST STRIKE (3)

“Team Leader-nim!”

“What?”

“It is serious.”

Park Jujin leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. Elder Lord’s system was thoroughly controlled by Albino. The core system Albino was so good that it didn’t need them, so there were rarely any states of emergency. But if the researchers came running like this, there was only one reason.

“Why, is there another system lock?”

“Wow, that’s right.”

“Wow?” Park Jujin twitched. “Wow?”

The researcher laughed. “It can’t be helped so I’ve resigned myself to it.”

“This bastard... You aren’t the one that it will rain heavily on. If there is a heavy rain, it will be on me!”

Park Jujin folded the papers he was holding and beat his own side, mimicking the ceremony of an old soccer player.

“Heavy rain! Heavy rain!”

“Ah, Team Leader-nim!”

“Heavy rain! Fuck!”

Park Jujin swung the paperwork. The researcher was astonished and ran away. How hysterical was the team leader? This was on the verge of workplace violence!

But Park Jujin’s fingers stopped moving as he recovered his mind, an instinct that

adapted to the system.

“Don’t you need to do something if there is a system lock?”

“Huh?”

“Monitor everyone right now!”

“We have been doing that, but it doesn’t work.”

“Shut up! I think that it’s best to watch Choi Hansung. He’s really skilled these days. Check him and any famous rankers!”

“By the way Team Leader, is there nothing we can verify? Why is it a problem if the assimilation rate goes so high...?”

“Stop wondering why and just do it!”

The researcher stepped back as Park Jujin lifted the paperwork. After measuring the throwing distance, Park Jujin dropped the documents back on his desk. “You don’t know?”

“Yes.”

“You really don’t know?”

“I thought about it...”

“Okay. Think about it and write a report.”

“Huh?”

“Think well and write a report! You have until tomorrow!”

“Ah... that... yes.”

The researcher left through the door. Park Jujin looked at his back and folded his arms.

In fact, he didn’t know. The mysterious existence that exceeded a 90% assimilation rate. What he would do if he found him was unknown to even Park Jujin.

However, Albino gave the warning that ‘access is temporarily locked due to a 90% assimilation rate’ so there seemed to be a clue in it. There was a clue to approaching Albino, the core system that no one could access.

“There is something...” Park Jujin muttered as he recalled Yoo Jaehan’s face.



Surka’s eyes widened.

It was a series of incredible situations. Crockta had burst out with an explosive force and fought against the great chieftain and the warriors. After noticing that the great chieftain was pressured by Crockta, the dark elves were inspired by his efforts and also recovered.

Surka couldn’t afford to enter that fight anymore.

“Where are you looking? Orc.”

The dark elf with double swords, who was almost destroyed by the great chieftain, faced him. Of course, he was limping because his body wasn’t recovered. He looked like a wreck. However, Crockta’s fighting spirit seemed to be infectious as the tattered arms raised the double swords.

“I will kill you.”

Surka was afraid the dark elf would collapse at any time.

“Ah~ lucky~ Juora! We protect~! Macho! With verve!”

The gnome seemed to have recuperated as he sung a strange song while aiming his artifact. At crucial moments, his magic bullets would fire and disturb the great warriors. The moment that Surka looked up at the sky-

“Don’t look away!”

The dark elf swung his double swords. It was still an unpredictable swordsmanship. But as he lacked stamina, it wasn’t good enough. Surka blocked the attack. The dark elf, who was thrown back, fell down and took deep breaths.

His stamina was obviously exhausted.

Move right now. A chance.

His head thought so, but Surka somehow couldn't attack the dark elf. It felt like if he attacked now, those swords would pierce his neck. As proof of this, the dark elf was staring at him while tightly holding his swords, despite sitting down.

That wasn't the only worrying thing.

"...Hat!"

An arrow flew. Surka brandished his axe and hit it. It came from a soldier of Juora. They had recovered and started the guerrilla warfare again. Once they ran out of arrows, they grabbed their rapiers and attempted melee combat.

It was extremely unlikely that the dark elves would win in a melee against the great warriors. Even so, they raised their weapons. All of them were determined to die in order to buy time so that the residents could evacuate.

Surka faced the frantic battlefield but couldn't wield his axe.

"Honour..."

He once followed it, but now that word felt strange.

One of the warriors cried out to Surka again.

"Surka!"

"What is going on?"

"It is serious," he said urgently. "An army is coming down from the Luklan Mountains!"

".....!"

"It is the allied forces of Orcheim, Dejame, and Altanas. They are near Juora."

"The troops guarding the mountain!"

“Defeated and withdrew.”

Surka nodded as he grasped the situation. Everything was going badly. They should retreat. Juora hadn't been taken over, but most of its soldiers had been killed and a severe blow dealt. In any case, Calmahart's ultimate goal was the world tree, the divine being of the dark elves. Every fight was just a preparation to capture Spinoa.

Surka approached Calmahart and said, “Great chieftain.”

He didn't answer.

“An army is coming down from the Luklan Mountains. The residents have also escaped from Juora. We gained enough so we should withdraw...”

Surka couldn't speak anymore.

Calmahart was looking down at him. Calmahart's eyes were now completely red. A fierce killing intent rose from his body. A red pattern, a bizarrely twisted cross, appeared on Calmahart's forehead.

He swung the axe towards Surka.

“Kuheeeeek!”

Surka reflexively blocked it but his body flew away. His whole body shook; he was still bleeding from the great damage that he received from that one blow.

“Kuheok...”

“Calmahart...?”

The great chieftain frantically wielded his weapon. His whole body was now clearly covered in a blood-red haze. He was in a blood frenzy, slaughtering anyone who got close to him. Even the warriors fell under his axe. Some lost their heads and collapsed.

The orcs were frightened as they shouted, “G-Great chieftain!”

“Kuaaaaak!”

The mad eyes turned to Crockta. The great chieftain shouted.

“Kuaaaaaah——!”

The earth shook. It was literally an earthquake. His body swelled even further. The great chieftain was no longer an orc. He was a monster.



“You are okay *dot*.”

“I’m okay...”

Crockta groaned from where he was lying on a bed. This was Juora’s medical center. Tiyo slapped Crockta’s thigh and laughed.

“You were beaten up by the great chieftain *dot*. Huhihihit. It is a rare sight *dot*.”

Anor agreed. “Crockta isn’t invincible either. Kuhihihit.”

“.....”

They truly seemed to have a bad influence on each other. Crockta was in agony as he watched both of them laughing.

“By the way, it is a relief. We made it in time.”

The Great Clan withdrew from Juora. In the end, the great chieftain had become an impossible monster. He attacked indiscriminately and then walked towards Crockta. Even the bold Crockta had stepped back with dread. The red energy coming from his body was so bloodthirsty.

He really thought he would die. Crockta forgot he was a user and desperately had to remind himself that he was a user.

Then the Great Clan’s shaman suddenly appeared. His face was covered by a hood, but the air changed when he appeared. There was a strong wave of magic power coming from him, similar to Tashaquil.

As the shaman chanted something, Calmahart’s red energy gradually faded. Within a short period of time, Calmahart lost all his red energy but he still glared at Crockta. Then his mouth opened and he spat out.

“I’ll see you again. Trash from the continent.”

Then he ordered a withdrawal. When the shaman talked to him, the great chieftain held his head. He seemed to be in a bad physical condition due to the aftermath of the frenzied state. He walked with a fine limp. Then the shaman used a healing spell and a slight light surrounded his body.

After that, the clan warriors quickly retreated. The reinforcements from the Luklan Mountains only arrived after they were gone. They disappeared just as quickly as they came. That was the skill of an elite.

According to later reports, the orcs were gathering between Nameragon and Spinoa.

“Just relax and concentrate on your treatment. Boro has become faster.” Anor said with playful eyes. The party didn’t plan to move until Crockta recovered to a certain extent since they had Boro as a means of transport.

“Kyulkyulkyul! It is good to see you again!”

A welcome face, Caburak appeared. A few of his teeth were still missing so he spoke in an airy voice as he struck Crockta’s shoulder.

“Cough! Be careful!”

“A greeting! Kyulkyulkyul!”

Not only that, Yona was present so there was a strange atmosphere around Tiyo.

“Crockta. Are you okay? I’ve heard the story. I heard about your great actions. Truly Crockta.”

“Thank you. I’m okay now...”

She glanced at Tiyo before Crockta finished answering. The two of them left the room together. They wanted to have the long conversation that hadn’t been possible in the meantime.

Crockta became sad. “Kuheok...”

Crockta suppressed the sad feelings and asked Caburak something he was curious

about, the shaman who seemed to be manipulating the great chieftain.

“Caburak. I saw a strange man while fighting against the great chieftain.

“A strange man?”

“The Great Clan’s shaman.”

“Shaman...”

Crockta explained to Caburak what he saw.

The fact that the great chieftain was strengthened by an unknown force, the pattern on his forehead that seemed to resemble Zelkian, an apostle of the world tree, and the fact that the great chieftain seemed to be controlled by the shaman.

Caburak’s playful face became serious.

“Hah...! Perhaps, that...!”

Caburak’s face was shocked. He lamented as he looked out the window towards the sky.

“Unbelievable...”

Crockta also became serious as he asked, “Do you know something?”

Caburak turned slowly from the sky towards Crockta. His eyes were filled with anxiety. He opened his mouth, “That...!”

“That...?”

Caburak gulped and replied, “I don’t know.”

“W-Wha... t?”

“Kyulkyulkyul! I don’t know! Kyulkyulkyul!”

“.....”

Crockta fell back on his bed and covered his head with the quilt.

“Don’t wake me up.”

Caburak giggled. “Kyulkyulkyulkyul! Are you sulking?”

“.....”

“You are sulking! Kyulkyulkyul! The warrior Crockta is sulking!”

“Shut up. Good night.”

“Kyulkyulkyul!”

Crockta became sad again as he listened to Caburak’s laughter.

Seriously, where were all the people concerned about the future of the north?

CHAPTER 120

BEFORE THE STORM

Crockta's injuries weren't recovered yet so the troops of the Luklan Mountains set off first. Crockta's group was able to catch up quickly on the undead wyvern so they decided to delay their departure.

Crockta had a monster-like resilience. Wounds that would take others a long time to heal were recovered in seconds. Indeed, Crockta was an amazing warrior.

"Crockta is a very important figure," said Gorit, Caburak's father.

He was in charge of the Luklan Mountains Alliance.

"He is one of the keys in this war. Kyulkyul!"

"What would the north be like if it weren't for him?"

Crockta hadn't ruined Calmahart's plans just one or two times. Even the fate of the Luklan Mountains wouldn't have been assured without Crockta. They might've become slaves working for the Great Clan.

"Father."

"What is it?"

"Calmahart wasn't always mad. How long has it been since he got this madness?"

Calmahart was originally rough, but he wasn't crazy enough to slaughter the other species in order to unify the north and invade the continent. He followed the logic of power and respected the strongest of the warriors: those who had inherited the position of great chieftain by defeating the previous one.

He was cruel but also able to restrain himself. However, he became a maniac at some point and everything changed. Everything in the Great Clan was determined by the chieftain; therefore, the moment the chieftain changed, the Great Clan did as well.

“I don’t know very well, but I do remember the first time I felt like something was wrong. It was when he sent a messenger to join him.”

“When was that?”

“I guess it was around two years ago.”

“Umm...”

“The conditions were filled with nonsense so I couldn’t accept. At that time, I felt like he wasn’t normal. He seemed to be treating us as slaves.”

Caburak nodded as his eyes deepened in understanding. “I understand.”

“Why?”

“Just curious. Kyulkyul!”

“This brat, right now you’re someone who can’t help much. Once the fight begins, be careful not to get involved too much.”

“Kyulkyul, don’t make a fuss, Father. I specialize in running away.”

Gorit couldn’t get rid of his concerned expression. Caburak touched his father’s back as if he wasn’t worried.

He looked around at the Luklan allied forces. The orc warriors were leading the charge while the dark elves and gnomes were mixing arrows, crossbows, and all sorts of tools. This was a benefit created by mixing the abilities of all three species. It was more advanced than a unit made up of orcs rushing with axes or of dark elves launching volleys of arrows.

However, he had an ominous feeling. If it was as he thought, these soldiers or crude weapons might not be necessary in the first place.

“No...”

He shook his head. The following battle would decide the future. Nameragon and Spinoa were both important cities that couldn’t be left for the dark elves. It wouldn’t be an exaggeration to say that all other cities could collapse as long as these two

remained.

In addition, Spinoa had the world tree. Occupying Spinoa would never be easy as long as the world tree was present.

So Caburak wondered about the Great Clan's next move.

Head to Nameragon or Spinoa? If they headed to Nameragon, it would probably fall. Even if Spinoa's personnel went out to support them, they wouldn't be able to stop the madness of the great chieftain and the Great Clan. It would be difficult unless they moved the world tree.

However, the dark elves couldn't give up Nameragon, so the siege would be fierce. After breaking down Nameragon, their forces might be too weakened to take Spinoa.

Caburak thought that would be the best way. But...

"Where is the Great Clan heading? Is it still the same direction?"

"According to the most recent news..." Gorit scratched his head. "They seem to be heading to Spinoa, but it still isn't certain."

".....!" Caburak stopped. "Why?"

The Great Clan was leaving Nameragon alone and heading to Spinoa, which meant that their goal was the world tree. Their goal was neither the territory of the dark elves nor their submission, but the acquisition of the world tree.

"...No."

Caburak closed his eyes. He prayed to the nameless god that his imagination was wrong.



"Those guys have turned to this place."

"Yes."

"Understood."

Zelkian nodded.

Jenado, an apostle of the world tree like Zelkian, bowed and withdrew.

Zelkian stood on top of the world tree. From the summit of the world tree, he could see the distant scenery. It was a beautiful scenery allowed only to apostles.

But the landscape no longer looked beautiful to Zelkian. The cities of dark elves, as well as his children, had all been devastated. There seemed to be no life in the distant cities. Nurido, Emeranian, and Yekator, places he occasionally visited, were now reduced to rubble and piles of dead bodies.

Everyone had died and perished.

Zelkian felt a burning pain in his chest.

“Kuock...”

There was a deep pain. The world tree was mourning. Its painful emotions were transferred to its apostle, causing Zelkian to suffer. He knelt on one knee and waited for the world tree to calm down. The joys and sorrows of a great being like the world tree would make mortals suffer just by sharing that pleasure.

Zelkian, who groaned in pain for a while, finally caught his breath. The world tree became calm. Zelkian kicked the huge branch that he was standing on.

“Hey, relax. I am also in pain.”

A branch of the world tree rose and hit Zelkian’s legs. The two fought for a while.

“Anyway, I’m not joking.”

Zelkian’s gaze moved.

There were things filling up the plain near Spinoa.

Orcs. It was a really large army. Even if he joined the forces of Spinoa and Nameragon, it seemed to be several times their number.

Furthermore, the orcs were familiar with fighting. While the dark elves locked their

gates and enjoyed their own peace, the great chieftain continued fighting and subduing orcs. Fighting was part of their species' culture. It was different from the dark elves' experience with war.

And the great chieftain.

Zelkian borrowed the power of the world tree to capture his appearance. He was much larger than the other orcs, an oppressive appearance. A menacing presence.

“.....!”

His chest burned again. Zelkian closed his eyes and took deep breaths. The world tree shook. Calmahart's sedan was being supported by only dark elves. Although there were many slaves, he made only a small number carry his sedan. It was a scene where he was enjoying his power. The orc soldiers following Calmahart periodically wielded the whip and urged the dark elves on.

The world tree was furious. It also became Zelkian's anger. He opened his eyes in order to carve the appearance of Calmahart inside him. The world tree could never forgive him. Zelkian confirmed his face.

And...

Their eyes met.

“.....!”

He was aware of Zelkian. He gazed at Zelkian and smiled, his eyes a clear blood color.

A mark appeared on the great chieftain's forehead—a red, bizarrely twisted cross. At that moment, the world tree recognized it and flinched. The world tree shook for a short time. The dark elves inside the world tree screamed at the abrupt shaking.

Zelkian asked the world tree, “Just what is that?”

But the world tree didn't answer.

“He looks like an apostle. Who is he the apostle of?”

The world tree was silent. The answer that came from it was difficult to understand.

Zelkian shrugged. "Well, we will be fighting soon. Are you scared?"

The world tree slapped his head.

Zelkian grumbled, "You are very violent. Tree brat. Ah, stop!"

He tried to find the great chieftain again, but Calmahart was no longer visible. Where was that giant mass of muscle hiding? Zelkian touched his chin. The great chieftain was probably an apostle like him.

Who was the existence behind the great chieftain? As a result of the great chieftain's appearance, there was a high probability of fighting over the world tree. It wouldn't be easy to borrow the power of the world tree. The world tree had a dirty nature, but it wasn't a good fighter.

As he worried about the future battle, the world tree tapped his shoulder.

"What?"

The world tree pointed to the sky. Zelkian's gaze followed the direction that it was pointing. Something was coming. Zelkian laughed as he saw it.

"What the, those people? What are they riding?"

Crockta, Tiyo, and Anor were rushing through the sky and heading towards Spinoa on the undead wyvern, Boro. Crockta had bandages on his body but he seemed fine. Zelkian had been worried after his battle with Calmahart, but Crockta still seemed capable of fighting.

His mind felt reassured at the sight of them approaching. Crockta was a warrior who had already shaken the north several times. He had rescued several cities from the Great Clan. Now that the final battle was approaching, they couldn't be left out. Zelkian laughed.

Dark elves had gathered from all over and reinforcements came from the Luklan Mountains. As long as the world tree existed, the dark elves were one. The Great Clan or the great chieftain didn't matter.

Zelkian opened his arms. He appeared to be embracing the landscape of Spinoa. Beyond it was the Great Clan.

“Yes, let’s end the great chieftain.”

The world tree trembled in response.



The orcs gathered in front of Spinoa. It seemed like the Great Clan decided that the decisive battle would be at Spinoa instead of Nameragon.

As a result, the dark elves guarding Nameragon joined Spinoa. Spinoa prepared all of its strength. The walls were reinforced to become much higher and tens of thousands of arrows were prepared. Jamero’s magic strengthened the defenses around Spinoa.

“Amazing.”

Crockta watched the scene from the walls. It was the largest battle he ever experienced in Elder Lord.

“The number of orcs is terrible *dot...*”

Tiyo watched from beside him on the wall and muttered in a stricken voice.

“Too bad *dot*. If this were Quantas, I could’ve wiped them all out with the magic engineering cannons...”

“Instead you have General.”

“That’s right *dot*. This will deal harsh damage to the orcs. Huhut.”

“A tragedy.”

Crockta turned his head away from Tiyo after the joke. Tiyo wasn’t the only one waiting for the fight. Driden’s scimitars were moving through the air. Like a painter imagining a composition before drawing it, he was imagining his own trajectories. He felt Crockta’s gaze and glanced over.

Radet, who led the army from Nameragon, and Jamero also appeared. The troops from the Luklan Mountains were deployed throughout the city in preparation for the battle.

And...

Crockta looked back.

The pillar of the world, the world tree was standing in the center of Spinoa and overlooking everything. Standing on top of it was Zelkian. He waved his hand. Crockta waved back.

“Crockta. Are you ready *dot*?” Tiyo asked.

Crockta followed Tiyo’s gaze. The large army of orcs in front of Spinoa was slowly advancing forward. Leading them was the oversized great chieftain, the monster called Calmahart. He walked towards Spinoa. The large army advanced along with him. The orcs that covered the plains marched towards Spinoa.

Crockta held Ogre Slayer in his hands.

“I was born ready.”

“What *dot*? Then I was ready from my mother’s womb *dot*.”

Crockta and Tiyo started laughing.

Tiyo laughed aloud as he said, “Crockta, I’m glad I met you *dot*. I got to experience such a great adventure.”

“Why are you already amazed? This is just the beginning.”

“Hoh. Really *dot*?”

Crockta smiled.

“After the war, there will be more grand adventures waiting. Don’t spread it around.”

“Kahahat, how fun!”

Tiyo raised General.

The Great Northern War, which began with the call of the mad chieftain Calmahart, was now heading towards the end.

CHAPTER 121

SECONDARY ROUND (1)

The battle began with the appearance of siege weapons.

“That...!”

It was the weight displacement catapults using the principles of levers, the trebuchets. The dark elves were shaken by the appearance of the siege weapons. The chieftain, who normally would’ve run directly at the gate, was staring at it with his arms folded.

“Counter measures!”

“Unfold the shields!”

“Use the magic!”

“We can’t allow it to hit!”

Opinions differed. Several orc soldiers were loading tremendous rocks onto the trebuchets. Once the bar holding down the launcher was removed, the weight caused the levers to rotate and the rock to be thrown. Dozens of these weapons were lined up on the plain, all ready to immediately fire towards the walls.

Crockta looked at the troops. There weren’t any countermeasures for the siege weapons. In addition, they were out of reach of the arrows. If this was the case, the walls would be one-sidedly hit.

“Orcs are moderately smart *dot*.”

Tiyo muttered to himself.

The rocks flew and the dark elves bent down.

Kwaaaang!

Kwaang!

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

There was the sound of the impact as the walls shook violently. The dark elves couldn't balance themselves and sat down. Crockta leaned over and stared at a distant place.

Calmahart, the great chieftain, was laughing. Then he raised a hand.

The orcs once again rolled rocks and loaded them on the trebuchets. Thanks to the unique strength of the orcs, the huge rocks were lifted and continued to fly, like an exaggerated war scene from a medieval movie.

Kwaaaang!

Crocka endured the shock and glared at Calmahart. His eyes passed by Calmahart towards the shaman standing behind him. The shaman was the cause of all of this. At the moment, he seemed to meet the shaman's eyes. However, the rocks hit the wall and shook his balance again. Crockta grabbed onto the wall.

"Ballista!"

The dark elves hurriedly loaded a large crossbow. They put a big arrow as large as a spear into it and lit it on fire. The fire arrows were aimed at a trebuchet. Dozens of fire arrows and rocks crossed in the air.

The gate shook and several trebuchets were burned. Nevertheless, the rocks continued to fly.

"Kuheeok!"

A rock was aimed at the railing on the wall. The whole area was overwhelmed and the dark elves standing there died instantly. As the dust from the rocks continued to rise, the morale of the dark elves fell.

Crockta peered through the dust that blurred his vision. The orcs had started their march.

"Attack!"

"The enemy is advancing!"

“Fire!”

The commanders called out. The dark elves pulled back their bows in unison but were unable to maintain their positions, due to the subsequent bombardment. The orcs were repeatedly aiming at the wall railings.

Hwiiing!

“Cough!”

One rock flew next to Crockta. The dark elf who couldn't avoid it had his head burst appear, then the rock continued and slammed into the interior of the city. A building collapsed.

“Dammit.” Crockta bit his lip. He hadn't imagined this. The orcs, who Crockta believed would rush indiscriminately, were attacking Spinoa in a calm manner.

“Why didn't they do this until now?”

Crockta smiled as he saw orcs rushing while carrying huge ladders. It felt like the genre of the game had suddenly changed. But no matter what the scene was, he had one job.

He picked up Ogre Slayer. Between the successive shocks and arrows, the sound of the ladders couldn't be heard properly. The commanders shouted until their voices were hoarse but were buried by the other loud sounds.

The orcs started climbing one by one. Crockta looked down the wall. Many orcs were stuck like ants. Their mad eyes were only filled with the obsession of completely breaking down the city. There were no signs of fear.

The chieftain's madness was contagious. However, the dark elves weren't quiet. They poured boiling water, oil, and logs down the ladders, knocking down the orcs. They were all brutal weapons prepared in advance. Orcs were unable to climb the walls and fell in terrible ways.

“Vicious bastards.”

The orcs stepped on the bodies of their companions and used them as a ladder. Crockta wielded Ogre Slayer at those climbing the walls. The orc near the railings had

his neck cut and fell to the ground. Several orcs underneath were caught up and also fell.

Crockta grabbed the ladder.

“Huaaat!”

Then he pushed with all his strength. His tattoos burned hot and the tendons on his neck pulsed.

“Kuaaah!”

The ladder started tilting. The orcs hanging on the ladder fell off and the ladder went in the opposite direction.

“Those who have forgotten their honor————!”

Crockta’s battle cry covered all noise on the battlefield. His roar rang in the orcs’ ears.

“I will kill you directly————!”

The Orcheim warriors raised their weapons following Crockta’s cry.

“Bul’tarrrr!”

Crockta wielded his weapon. The body of the orc on the railing was chopped in half and flew through the air. Blood spilled from his head and fell on the head of the orcs. Then he kicked an orc grabbing the handrail.

The greatsword was swung and another ladder was broken. A stone from a trebuchet headed towards Crockta, who didn’t avoid it. Rather, he wielded the greatsword. Ogre Slayer smashed against it. The huge rock shattered in the air and fell on top of the orcs. Some were hit on the head by the debris.

His sword was aimed at the orcs. His sword was aimed at the rocks.

The morale of the dark elves on Crockta’s area of the wall rose.

“Kill the invaders!” In the east, Caska was commanding the archers. She used her distinctive manner of talking while continuously flying arrows. “Kill those bastards

who want to trample on our home!”

Arrows flew over the heads of the orcs. They had to blow with weapons or die. The death cries of the orcs resounded. Crockta killed the orcs trying to climb onto the walls and looked around.

The orcs were still advancing.

“It will be a long day.”

He could see Tiyo playing in the distance. Using the characteristics of General’s high-speed shooting, he swept at the orcs approaching the walls. Each time the colorful energy swept over the ladders, a great number of orcs fell.

It was a tremendous play, but Crockta felt a strange flow in the atmosphere. His skill Introduction to Magic and Heart and Soul Penetration were activated, and he started to feel the flow of magic power. Then Tiyo pointed at something.

“That...”

Crockta hurriedly looked around the battlefield. In the back of the army, the orc shamans were gathering together. There were five of them and energy was rising from their bodies. The magic power was swirling in the sky like a whirlwind. Magic power rushed up to the clouds in the air. It became a huge sphere.

It looked like the sun. The blinding light coming from it disturbed his eyesight.

Meteor!

It wasn’t a real meteorite, but one that fell down like a giant meteor. The blazing magic power started to slowly approach the wall. Manifestation magic.

The dark elves were confused and stopped attacking. Even Crockta also didn’t know what to do. This would cause tremendous damage and the walls would completely collapse.

At that moment, a magic power barrier was unfolded. It was a translucent net in the sky. It infinitely expanded. A new net was weaved and then another new one. It doubled and quadrupled until a huge wall covered the entire sky above Spinoa.

A magnificent voice cried out, "The net of heaven might look thin, but it will never miss anything."

The magician of Nameragon, Jamero. He raised his staff and shouted.

"None of you will ever see the world tree or Spinoa!"

A blue light emerged from his staff. At the same time, the barrier of magic power spread in the sky started to vibrate. It glowed as the meteor fell on it. The two magic powers clashed.

A loud sound emerged.

".....!"

Crockta frowned at the tremendous light. The terrible explosive sound seemed to shatter the whole area. Flames exploded and light scattered. He became deaf and confused. It was like he was witnessing the end of the world.

The two magic powers kept bumping back and forth against each other. But Jamero's magic net kept expanding and pushing back the meteor. The heat gradually faded. The magic power of the shamans broke in a flash of white.

The meteor turned into white ash in the air. It was destroyed. It was Jamero's victory. But he had consumed a lot of power and had to sit down. The dark elves cheered. As morale rose again, their arrows flew through the air. Orcs fell down.

The march of the orcs started to stall. There were orcs on the walls, but they failed to enter due to the dark elves' desperate resistance and died. They poured oil on the orcs and burned the ladders. Dark smoke rose.

However, Crockta couldn't feel relieved. Crockta felt a huge presence and looked up. He was coming.

Ogre Slayer was raised. A huge shadow covered him. It looked like a rock from the trebuchet, but Crockta knew it was actually an orc.

Kwaang!

The huge orc landed on the wall. He got up. His appearance looked like a giant

mountain on the wall. Crockta stepped back and all the dark elves escaped from the area at once. The mad great chieftain, Calmahart. The region of wall where they were standing contained only Crockta and Calmahart.

“I said I would see you again, Crockta.”

The red eyes glared at Crockta.

Crockta grinned as he replied, “Likewise. You look handsome, Calmahart.”

There was a scar on his face due to the wound caused by Crockta. Calmahart looked down at him and laughed. It was uglier than before.

“You only bite with your mouth. Kuhuhu.”

Crockta and Calmahart raised their weapons. Suddenly, Crockta looked around.

“Where is your nanny?”

“What do you mean?”

“The shaman who tells you what to do, just like a nanny looking after a kid.”

Calmahart’s face stiffened. Crockta smiled and provoked Calmahart again, “Back then, you looked like a well-behaved kid as you backed away with your nanny. Now you’re allowed to charge in here?”

Flames surged in Calmahart’s eyes.

“Shut up———!”

He swung his double edged axe. Crockta avoided it. The bottom of the wall collapsed. Crockta gripped Ogre Slayer tightly.

Things didn’t look good. Orcs were climbing up the walls. With the emergence of Calmahart, the walls became useless. No one could stop the ladders around him so a few orcs started to climb the walls. The orcs ran to the other side and attacked the dark elves. The dark elves resisted, but they were no match against the orcs in close combat. The dark elves were starting to collapse. Their bodies fell down the walls. The orcs cheered.

“.....!”

Crockta’s body trembled. He wanted to help them but the great chieftain was blocking him.

“Where are you looking?” Calmahart headed towards Crockta with an emotionless face. Crockta stepped back.

Calmahart spat out in a rough voice, “Keep talking.”

A red haze appeared around his body. It was different from their confrontation in Juora. There was a fierce aura as always, but his eyes were calm. He was stronger and cooler. If so, the provocation was useless.

“I apologize,” Crockta replied politely.

Derision appeared on Calmahart’s face. “Kuhuhu, already frightened...”

Crockta interrupted his words. “That guy, he wasn’t your nanny, but your mother. Is your mother healthy? Are you still depressed?”

Calmahart’s face changed.

“This trash———!”

CHAPTER 122

SECONDARY ROUND (2)

Calmahart wielded his axe like crazy. His gestures grew larger. Crockta smiled as he penetrated through a gap. Ogre Slayer headed towards the great chieftain's abdomen.

"Bul'tarrrrrrrrrr——!"

The greatsword and double edged axe hit each other. Each hit caused the flow of the battle to reverse. The contest of strength continued.

Around them, the orcs were fighting while the dark elf arrows rained from above. The rocks flew high in the sky. The orcs, who became fiercer thanks to the power of the shaman, ran along the walls.

It was a gory battlefield field with death. However, the eyes of the two people didn't shake. One moment of weakness meant death. The two of them stared into each other's eyes. The axe and greatsword descended again. Blood flowed and sparks flew as the weapons collided.

"You can't win against me."

Calmahart laughed. Crockta moved the blade instead of answering. Ogre Slayer slashed Calmahart's chest. Blood flowed down. The wound became smaller. It healed at a visible speed.

"Did you give up everything to become strong?"

Calmahart smiled. "I did."

His wound became clean. It was a fearsome recovery ability.

"You! You can't win against me!" Calmahart screamed. At the same time, he became even faster. Crockta focused and entered the realm of the Pinnacle.

The world slowed. An infinitely accelerated world where the arrows in the sky seemed to have stopped. In that realm, Crockta wielded Ogre Slayer. But Calmahart had already

entered that world. The both of them accelerated in the still world. Avoidance, hit, block and swing.

Whenever they hit each other, sparks flew in the air. The sparks grew bigger as the axe and greatsword hit again, scattering red light in the air like firecrackers.

The one who was thrown back first was Crockta.

“Cough!”

Calmahart’s kick had penetrated through a gap and hit Crockta’s abdomen. Crockta rolled across the wall. It was hard to breathe. He relied on the greatsword to raise his body, but his legs were trembling.

Calmahart used the momentum and rushed forward. Instead of retreating, Crockta charged and slammed into the great chieftain’s chest. Calmahart fell down. Crockta also staggered from the impact. Their eyes clashed. Crockta once again swung his greatsword.

It was at that moment. The rock from a trebuchet struck right in the middle of the wall where they were standing. The walls shook violently.

The orcs shouted. The floor started to slowly tilt.

“.....!”

Crockta and Calmahart fell along with the wall. Crockta’s vision reversed as he was caught in the collapse. Heaven and earth were flipped. Dust obscured his vision.

“Cough, cough!”

As soon as he got up and looked around, he saw the great chieftain and orcs staring at him.

Calmahart smiled as he said, “It is the end of Spinoa.”

This time, Crockta couldn’t open his mouth. The wall collapsed, opening a path for the orcs. The crowd of orcs was just waiting for Calmahart’s order. As soon as they passed through the walls, Spinoa would be painted with blood.



Surka clung to a ladder.

On the western wall, Crockta and the great chieftain were fighting each other. Sparks flew whenever both of them wielded their weapons. Orcs on the ground shouted for Crockta's defeat and the great chieftain's victory. There were constant, dazzling attacks.

Surka turned his gaze away. There was no time to be distracted. His fight was right in front of him. The head of the orc above him fell off. The ladder rattled. Surka closed his eyes and held onto the ladder. He once again endured the shock. The orc that first climbed the ladder hit his shoulder as he fell. Surka gritted his teeth and persisted.

Surka was now at the top of the ladder.

Surka shouted. "The Great Clan's victory!"

Then he frantically climbed the ladder. Directly below, the great warriors were climbing the ladder along with Surka. Surka used his momentum to grab the wall railing. At that moment, he made eye contact with a dark elf swinging his sword at Surka. Surka brandished his axe and cut the dark elf's head.

"Kuaaaah!"

Blood poured out. Surka's spirit became elevated. The orcs hanging on the ladder were also excited to see the blood. They instantly climbed onto the wall. In the end, the dark elves retreated from the invasion of the orcs with flustered expressions. Their faces were weak.

The wall shook as a rock hit it. Behind him, his brethren were marching while striking at arrows. There was no time to delay. Surka brandished his axe and opened a path. Orcs came flooding up from the ladders.

It transformed into a melee. It became an exchange of weapons on the walls. The dark elves couldn't stop the momentum of the orcs. Surka was about to swing an axe towards a dark elf.

However, he instinctively felt a threat and stepped back. Two sword trajectories were waving in front of him. He had seen these swords before.

The dark elf who used double swords, Driden. He stared at Surka.

“Kulkulkul...”

Surka started laughing.

This dark elf was strong. However, Surka had also experienced many battles and reached this place today.

“This time I’ll deal with you properly.”

Surka’s body was already soaked with the madness of the battlefield. The adrenaline rushing through his head meant he didn’t feel any fear. He wielded his axe at the border of life and death, on the battlefield where death and killing felt enchanted.

Orcs continued climbing up the walls. There was impatience on Driden’s face. Surka didn’t miss this gap and moved his axe. The double swords flashed at him but Surka didn’t retreat, instead pressing his opponent with the power of an orc.

Time was his. Anyone seeking to protect the walls couldn’t help feeling nervous. Surka blocked Driden’s attacks while looking around. The fighting had stagnated.

The first change occurred at the place where Chieftain Calmahart was.

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

The wall collapsed due to the rock attack and the accumulated damage from Crockta and Calmahart’s intense fighting. Dozens of orcs waiting to climb up were thrown back by the impact. Within the rubble of the collapsed wall, Crockta and Calmahart stood.

Then the orcs began to advance. The orcs swarmed over the collapsed wall like ants.

Surka brandished his axe at Driden and laughed happily. “Kuhahahahahat! Look!”

Driden defended by crossing his double swords. Surka used the momentum of the deflection to swing it downwards again.

“Spinoa will be trampled!”

As soon as the walls broke, one thing would happen.

A massacre!

The other walls were already occupied by orcs. The numerical advantage and battle experience weren't obstacles that could be easily overcome. Furthermore, the weapons devised by the great chieftain's shaman were effective.

Now cracks would spread along the collapsed wall. Then...

Strangely, the heat inside him stopped. Surka looked back at the place. At that moment, Driden's swords surged towards Surka. Surka missed blocking it due to his momentary anxiety.

"Ugh!"

A blade aimed at his neck. Surka couldn't move, but another orc on the warrior appeared and attacked Driden.

"Are you okay?"

"I'm okay."

Surka took deep breaths as he was barely saved. Now Driden was dealing with many warriors. Surka stepped back. He wasn't proud of it, but this was a war. Surka picked up the axe he had dropped and looked at the collapsed wall. Calmahart and Crockta were standing there.

".....!"

At that moment, the high Surka received from the battle disappeared in an instant. The ecstasy he felt after capturing the wall and slaying the enemy cooled down. The blood lust filling his body drained out like a change caused by magic.

The sight wasn't what he expected. The orcs were supposed to be advancing inside Spinoa. It was natural. Then...

It wasn't a large number of orcs guarding the collapsed wall, but Crockta with his greatsword. Now he was a new wall. The orcs of Orheim were supporting Crockta.

There was a scene where orcs and orcs confronted each other, with Calmahart and Crockta at the center. The two sides hit each other. Each one cried out their slogan as

they became tangled together.

“The Great Clan’s victory!”

“Bul’tarrrrr!”

The Great Clan was clearly overwhelming in numbers. However, Crockta and the Orcheim orcs blocked the enemies. The unstoppable march that was similar to a tsunami was blocked by their defense line.

They were the Great Clan, a force that was always stronger than the enemy. But in the present fight, they were being pushed back despite their numbers. The enemies were a small number, but they fought as warriors.

Surka turned his head and saw Driden cutting down the Great Clan’s warriors.

“Dammit.”

The warriors of the Great Clan had proved themselves in battle. But as the battle continued, the dark elves and their allies showed their true worth. Rather, it was the Great Clan assaulting and being destroyed by the enemies without any meaning.

Countless orcs had already died. This wasn’t what any warrior of the Great Clan wished for.

‘Where is your honor as a warrior?’

Crockta’s shout towards the great chieftain was revived.

Honor. They had their honor. The honor of Crockta from the continent and the honor of the Great Clan in the north were clearly different. Nevertheless, Surka didn’t feel like he had honor right now.

The cries from the people on the walls, the sound of killing and dying, the rain of scattered blood, the feeling surging inside Surka. There was no sense of reality. This entire war felt like a dream, except it wasn’t.

Surka looked back. All of the northern orcs of the Great Clan were madly rushing with red eyes. There was no willpower or pride as they were caught up in the great chieftain’s madness.

It wasn't a dream.

How could he wield his weapon on this shameful battlefield?



“Full army retreat!”

The dark elves started to retreat. In the end, the walls were deserted. The walls were worn down by the continuing siege. One side had already collapsed. The gate was also breached. Orcs were pushing in. The orcs of Orcheim started slowly retreating.

“Hah, hah...” Crockta took deep breaths. His body was a wreck.

However, Calmahart showed no signs of tiredness at all. Rather, he seemed to become stronger as the fight continued and the wounds on his body increased. He raised his arms and roared, “For the Great Clan’s victory————!”

The orcs of the Great Clan responded to the cry, “Death to the enemies of the Great Clan!”

Calmahart rushed and brought his double edged axe down towards Crockta. Crockta threw himself down and rolled to avoid the damage.

“Are you tired now?”

Crockta looked around. All of the soldiers had abandoned the walls and were rushing towards the center of Spinoa. The orcs aimed their axes at any dark elves in the rear. Nevertheless, everyone ran towards the centre of Spinoa.

To the heart of Spinoa. The world tree.

Crockta slowly backed away. Calmahart didn't chase him. He just stood in his place and laughed at Crockta.

“Are you going to retreat to the world tree?”

“.....!”

Crockta looked up at him. A vivid red pattern appeared on Calmahart's forehead. The

bizarrely inverted cross looked like a terrible scar. A red aura emerged from his body.

Calmahart's body started to mutate.

"The world tree will burn by my hands today. The same goes for you, Crockta."

Crockta didn't answer. Instead of Calmahart the orc, he saw a monster of an entirely different species. Then he ran back with the orcs of Orheim.

Crockta looked up at the world tree. The sun was still bright. Except for around the world tree, all of Spinoa had been occupied by the orcs.

The world tree would burn or Calmahart would die. Today, it would be settled before the sun set.

CHAPTER 123

DECISIVE BATTLE (1)

The orcs surrounded the world tree.

The buildings surrounding the world tree were burning. The dark elves who saw that sight were heartbroken. The orcs didn't have to approach the world tree; The sole act of reducing Spinoa to rubble tormented the dark elves.

Calmahart watched all of this as if he was enjoying the dark elves' pain.

"There aren't any dark elves apart from the ones in the world tree?"

"Everybody else was evacuated."

Zelkian stepped out of the world tree, something he rarely ever did. There were no more walls or the city. The only thing left was the world tree and their bodies. The residents who didn't know how to fight were holding weapons. Only the old people unable to fight remained inside the world tree.

The army of orcs was encircling the world tree. Against the backdrop of Spinoa up in flames, those covered in blood prepared for the final fight. There were no holes to escape out of. It was an extreme siege.

Soon, the slaughter would start and they would be killed.

Spinoa was quiet. It wasn't the peaceful silence, but the terrible silence that triggered their nerves. Only the sound of buildings burning touched their ears.

Crockta and Driden stood beside each other. They were in position to face the most dangerous enemy, the great chieftain.

"Crockta."

"Hmm?"

"What is the continent like?"

Crockta thought for a moment at the abrupt question before replying, "It is a good place."

"Wider than the north?"

"Of course. Why, do you want to go to the continent?"

Driden raised his double swords and said, "After killing the great chieftain and getting revenge on my father's enemies, there is nothing more to do here. I would like to see the continent once."

"If you go to the continent, stop by Orcrox. You will see true warriors."

"Orcrox? Are the orcs there stronger than the great chieftain?"

"The great chieftain?"

Crockta burst out laughing. "If he were on the continent, that guy would've never received the title of a warrior."

"I see." Driden laughed as well. "Fascinating."

"It is so wide that you won't be able to see all of it in your lifetime."

Crockta held Ogre Slayer.

The atmosphere of the Great Clan was changing, like the orcs were on the verge of exploding. It would soon burst.

"Don't die."

"You too."

The great chieftain took one step forward. At the same time, the orcs stepped forward. The ground shook violently.

Crockta grasped the handle of his greatsword. He didn't like wars. He could never enjoy killing on the battlefield. So he returned to South Korea, to be by Yiyu's side. But he eventually stood here again. It was destiny's joke. He encountered a battlefield much worse than the ones he had previously experienced. An enemy would who

directly cut off the enemy's head.

He asked himself.

'Any regrets?'

The great chieftain was charging towards him. An ugly face. Their eyes met.

"Not at all," muttered Crockta.

Driden glanced over at Crockta. Crockta grinned as he said, "It isn't scary at all."

The great chieftain came closer and wielded his double edged axe. Driden moved forward with his double swords.

"I agree!"

The two scimitars slashed at the body of the great chieftain. Crockta lowered his posture and charged for the lower body. A clean link of moves. But both were bounced back. The great chieftain was the strongest monster they had ever seen. The atmosphere glowed red every time he moved.

The great chieftain roared madly, "Kuaaah!"

The orcs rushing behind the great chieftain reached the front lines. The dark elves raised their shields. Arrows flew in the sky. Gradually, the distance between the two camps got closer.

"Kill them all! The north will be ours!"

The great chieftain shouted and the two sides collided.



Overwhelming. It was the most appropriate word to describe the present Calmahart. Overwhelming power.

His enormous size meant that everyone on the battlefield could see him. Every time he waved his double edged axe, the blood and guts of the dark elves would pour out. The torn bodies of fellow dark elves were all around him. Orcs were roughly

advancing. They disregarded any death and trampled on the corpses of their friends and enemies. Then they swung their axes at new bodies.

“Bow your heads!”

Jamero cast a spell with his disciples. Lightning flashed in the sky and numerous orcs were blown away, but their momentum didn't change. The shaman standing in the rear shook his staff. A red energy swept through the crowd of orcs. They pressed at the dark elves with even stronger bodies. In the sky, the dark elf mages and the orc shamans met. Fire, lightning and all types of forces that could kill the opponent clashed.

The aftermath fell to the ground and struck the orcs and dark elves on the front lines. Both sides moaned.

Calmahart ignored Driden and Crockta as he moved around the surroundings. The two struggled to stop Calmahart but every time their attacks were stopped, his double edged sword would slay those around him.

The dark elves started to be pushed back.

It was a desperate situation. At that moment, cheering was heard from the rear of the dark elves' camp. Crockta turned around and his expression brightened.

“Zelkian!”

The dark elves parted in the center, revealing Zelkian walking out. A green energy flashed around his body. He looked like the incarnation of the world tree.

He glanced at Crockta and Driden, before passing them to stand in front of Calmahart. The difference in size was remarkable, but the energy seeping from his body covered that gap.

“You are Zelkian.”

“You are Calmahart.”

Zelkian, the dark elf who communicated with the world tree and led the dark elves. Calmahart, the mad chieftain who ruled the Great Clan. The two faced each other.

No words were necessary.

Calmahart swung his axe while Zelkian spread out the green energy. The energy of the two met. The red aura around the axe seemed to tear away at Zelkian, but Zelkian's green energy didn't back down. The clash between the two of them shook the earth.

It caused a deafening sound.

Crockta and Driden exchanged glances with each other. If Zelkian was dealing with the great chieftain, they only had one task to do. The two of them turned away from Zelkian and Calmahart towards opposite sides. Then they unleashed their weapons at the orcs in front of them.

"Bul'tarrrr!"

Crockta started to advance. A storm. Orcs flew through the sky. His greatsword broke through all obstacles in his way. Big warriors would sometimes block his path, but he scattered their flesh across the battlefield.

"I'll spare you if you throw away your weapons——!" Crockta's shout took over the battlefield. "Anyone who meets me will die——!"

Crockta stepped forward. The orcs stepped back. They had frightened expressions on their faces. But nobody abandoned their weapons. Crockta grinned. They all came running at once.

Five orcs lost their heads to his sword and fell down. He stepped on their bodies and found his next opponent. The ground shook under his feet. Every movement of his body was designed to kill the enemies. An efficient slaughter.

His movements that were in the realm of the Pinnacle surpassed every enemy.

When looking to the right, his greatsword headed to the left. When an axe was swung at him, without needing to block or escape, he swung his sword and split the enemy apart. The orc shamans shouted a spell but he picked up an axe at his feet and threw it, splitting the shaman's skull apart.

Soon, the shamans in the rear noticed his movements. Their spells started targeting him. However, Crockta didn't receive any damage. The orc soldiers around him were caught up in the magic and fell to the ground. Once the magic stopped, Crockta shoved

his sword into the heads of the orcs squirming on the ground. Life and death were just fleeting moments.

“Aaaaaaah!”

Colorful energy was blown above his head. It was Tiyo. General was pushing the orcs away. He occasionally stopped like he was exhausted by the continuous firing. However, once the magic bullets stopped, a more vivid energy would strike the enemies.

This was Tiyo’s spirit.

“Phew, phew. Hwaaat!”

Crockta took a deep breath and squeezed his muscles. There was no time to rest just because he was exhausted. A river of blood! Like the writing on a hero’s sword, he should paint the world red. Like a technician. It needed to last until this war was over.

Suddenly, an orc soldier holding the body of a dead orc glared at Crockta. Was it a friend, a colleague? Maybe even lovers. He didn’t know. This was a battlefield. There was no need to be sad. The orc soldier ran forward with his weapon. Crockta sent him to where his friend was. Another orc appeared and swung a weapon.

He killed the enemy, but elsewhere, the enemies were killing his friends. Orcs and dark elves screamed as they died.

There was a battlefield where everyone was a sinner. Therefore...

“Kuheeok... monster...”

He had no choice but to become one. Crockta stabbed the greatsword into the body of an orc. The corpses he created were filling up the surroundings.

But in other places, the orcs were superior. As they rushed, the frontlines were pushed back. The dark elves lacked combat experience. In addition, the red aura around the orcs made them all fearless warriors.

But... Crockta saw the bodies of the dead rise.

The dead dragged their bodies and walked towards the orcs. The orcs panicked at the

strange sight. The undead wielded their weapons towards the orcs. The orcs shook at the appearance of enemies who wouldn't die.

"Anor."

He also used his power for this fight. Since leaving Nuridot, he had hardly ever used his power as a necromancer.

Everyone was desperately fighting.

"It has been a while. Crockta." A familiar voice called to him. Crockta turned to the owner of the voice and nodded.

"That's right."

Hammerchwi. The old but still fearsome orc was holding his hammer. The warriors who followed him surrounded Crockta. Crockta raised his greatsword.

"You are still living shamefully, Hammerchwi."

"...It has been a long time but I don't think there is a need to say anymore."

The big warriors rushed at Hammerchwi's signal.

"If you are so confident, survive this battle!"

It was a brutal all-out war. Only the winner would survive.

"You haven't changed." Crockta laughed.

Hammerchwi was still ignorant. It wasn't just him. Everyone was stupid. Everyone knew he was an orc from the continent, but no one here knew what it meant.

It meant living. And they were already dead!

"Look well, Hammerchwi———!"

Crockta greatsword struck the great warriors. A huge energy rose from his body. The air crackled.

“I am alive now——!”



The battle continued. Dark elves and orcs, everyone was dying.

But the most important fight was between Zelkian and Calmahart. The two were clashing with a higher level force that ordinary beings couldn't imagine. Zelkian caught his breath as he looked at Calmahart. He had the infinite power of the world tree but the great chieftain seemed tireless, even compared to Zelkian.

It seemed like Calmahart was getting stronger as the fight continued.

“War...” Calmahart muttered.

Zelkian raised his gaze.

“The pain... screaming...”

Right now, Calmahart's eyes seemed possessed by something. The red aura was eroding him as his eyes turned completely red. Every time the giant body moved, it was like a haze covered up his body.

Calmahart's axe aimed at Zelkian again. Zelkian pulled strength into his power. It was the power of the world tree. The green energy blocked the attack.

At that moment.

Kaaaang!

Zelkian was thrown back.

“Kuheook!” Zelkian coughed up blood.

Just then, a wicked energy had flowed from Calmahart's body and struck him down. His eyes blurred from the pain. Calmahart approached. The red aura had thickened and was now a dark red.

Calmahart quietly opened his mouth.

“Tribulation. Lulenska.”

Zelkian’s eyes widened.

Lulenska. Only a few existences knew this name.

“Lulenska, you and your children will come to an end today.”

Calmahart wasn’t looking at Zelkian. He was speaking towards the world tree looking down on the tragedy occurring in Spinoa.

Lulenska. The name of the world tree. Only Zelkian and Jenadu knew that it was the name of the old god inside the world tree that protected them. Zelkian tried to raise his body but the green energy was repressed. Calmahart’s red energy overwhelmed him.

Zelkian raised his gaze. Far away, there was a shaman watching from behind Calmahart. He was so deeply covered by a hood that his identity couldn’t be seen.

Zelkian used all his strength to shake off Calmahart’s power and blasted the green energy towards the shaman. It was clear that he was the source of Calmahart’s corruption. Zelkian’s green energy poured down and struck the shaman.

The shaman immediately fell down.

“.....!”

No, the clothes covering what seemed to be the shaman fell down. The hood and robe crumbled to the ground, like there was nothing inside it. The shaman couldn’t be seen.

In the place where he was standing, there was only a red fog. It was a mass of black energy. This was the identity of the evil shaman. Its shape leaned slightly. It was like it was laughing at Zelkian. The red fog flew to Zelkian and entered his body.

“Kuaaaaaaaah!”

Calmahart roared. His tendons popped out and his muscles swelled. More red energy rose.

Truly a monster.

Calmahart wielded his double edged axe.

“Shit!”

Zelkian raised his arms and reached for the power of the world tree. But.

“Kuaack!”

Calmahart’s attack tore through the world tree’s energy and severed Zelkian’s arms. There was a fountain of blood. Zelkian lost both arms and fell to the ground. This was seen by the dark elves and orcs around them.

One side lost their morale while the other side raised their weapons and cheered.

Calmahart roared like a beast and the orcs’ strength increased. The moment when it was going to be completely over...

Kuuong!

The earth shook with a loud sound.

“Kuhahahahahat!” Calmahart burst out laughing.

He could clearly feel it. Everyone on the battlefield realized it.

Kuuong!

The giant ‘it.’

The world tree was raising its body.

CHAPTER 124

DECISIVE BATTLE (2)

The earth shook as the world tree raised its body. The roots rose from the earth and the branches shook the atmosphere. The orcs stepped backward for the first time at the spectacle. The dark elves forgot their words and gazed blankly at the shocking sight. It was the wrath of the world tree.

“Kuhahahahahat!”

Calmahart laughed like he was enjoying the sight before him. He lifted his axe. The world tree was around the size as a mountain, but he didn’t care at all. Instead, the red energy around his body increased in intensity as he prepared to fight against the world tree.

“The day has come!”

Calmahart was emitting a dark red aura from his whole body. His voice was mixed with an insidious aura. It didn’t seem like Calmahart, but something else in his body.

“I have been waiting for today, Lulenska!”

Calmahart’s voice rang through the battlefield. The world tree waved its branches. The thick trunks moved like the tentacles of a creature. The dark elves and orcs withdrew. It was a fight between Calmahart and the world tree.

Huuuuuuong!

The world tree struck at Calmahart, scattering green energy. The branches caused blasts of winds to blow. The ground shook and debris was scattered. But Calmahart wasn’t in that place. Calmahart avoided all the branches and moved ahead, aiming his double-edged axe towards the body of the world tree. The bark of the tree was broken and the interior was revealed.

“Kuhahahahahat!”

Calmahart went after the rest of the world tree, which would tear every time the

double-edged axe hit it. The world tree mourned. Just like a woodcutter, Calmahart hit the world tree with its double-edged axe.

The world tree angrily waved its branches. This time, Calmahart was unable to dodge and was hit.

Kwaaaaang!

His body was thrown and he slammed into the ground. He was in shock for a while. However, Calmahart rose again and wildly rushed the world tree again like he couldn't feel any pain. The world tree tried to stop him several times, but Calmahart just received the blows with his double-edged axe. The branches were cut and sap flowed down.

"Kuaaahhhh!"

Calmahart roared.

Once again, the world tree and Calmahart confronted each other. The fight of transcendent beings!

The dark elves and orcs recovered from the sight and started to fight again. The battle of the world tree and the great chieftain. The melee between orcs and dark elves. Bodies piled on top of each other.

Crockta felt lost in the middle of this scenery. There were no more orcs running towards him. There were countless orc bodies around him. He turned his body. Orcs and dark elves wielded their weapons. Sometimes arrows flew. The arrows of the dark elves pierced the orcs while their weapons pierced other dark elves.

The chaos continued.

He could see the exhausted Tiyo in the distance. He was leaning against Anor due to the aftermath of General's rampage. A weary face. It was the same for Anor. The necromancer was active in raising bodies but there was a limit to the power. Right now, he could only raise a handful of bodies to keep the nearby orcs in check.

Crockta shifted his foot.

He saw the dead among the dark elves. There were some familiar and unfamiliar faces.

The guard he met at Spinoa, the captain those name he discovered in Nameragon. A dark elf with only one eye was grieving as he looked at a corpse on the battlefield.

Such a tragedy was continuing.

Suddenly, he found a familiar face. Crockta fell to his knees.

It was Caska. Her eyes stared at the distant sky without seeing anything, her stomach torn apart. All animation was drained from her body, making her seem like a doll. She always smiled like she was provoking him, and he never knew if her confession was a joke or not. Crockta forced this feeling down.

He couldn't wallow in sentimentality on the battlefield. Crockta looked at her with burning eyes. She still had a tight grip on her bow. He laid her hand on her chest and closed her eyes.

He got up. He found Radet facing an orc with his bastard sword. Crockta ran towards him. Just before Crockta arrived, the orc's halberd broke one of his wrists and his hand flew through the air. Radet winced as blood flowed. The orc's halberd didn't stop and headed towards his neck.

Crockta ran and attacked the orc. Ogre Slayer pierced the orc's body. The orc had moderate skills and survived Crockta's attack, but lost his balance and fell down. Crockta's greatsword descended towards his head.

There was no resistance. The opponent died without a sound. Radet grabbed the hand that he lost and gazed at Crockta. Crockta patted his shoulder instead of talking. The dark elves in charge of medical tasks ran to Radet.

Crockta passed through them and headed for Calmahart, who was fighting the world tree. He needed to cut Calmahart down. The world tree wielded its branches and struck Calmahart. Calmahart struck them. Every time the axe cut one of the branches, the sap dripped out.

Calmahart gradually became more overwhelming. The movements of the world tree became dull and more branches were cut off by Calmahart's axe. The evil red energy springing from Calmahart's body seemed to shatter the green vigor of the world tree.

"Crockta."

Caburak approached him and said, "Calmahart is strange."

Crockta turned to him and Caburak continued, "The spirit has taken over, with the help of Calmahart's lust for power, and the spirit's power has become his power. That is no longer Calmahart, it is just a devil wearing the mask of an orc."

Crockta nodded. He could feel it. He had felt it as Calmahart emitted a terrifying power. Behind him, there was always an unknown shaman.

Caburak stared at Crockta and said, "He will destroy the north."

"Yes, if it continues like this."

Crockta didn't take his eyes off Calmahart. Calmahart was laughing madly as he aimed his axe at the mighty body of the world tree. Every time his axe moved, the surface of the world tree would burst. He would trample on everything himself.

"Yes, if this continues. Kyulkyulkyul." Caburak laughed, "Crockta."

"Caburak."

"Will we act?"

"Of course."

Caburak laughed and then led the way. "Then let's go."

He didn't know what Caburak, who lost his power, was capable of doing, but his back was resolute. Crockta followed him.

Calmahart continued to strike the world tree without being aware of the existence of Crockta and Caburak. Calmahart was on the offensive against the world tree. However, eventually, the world tree was damaged by the double-edged axe. The battle against the world tree was dominated by Calmahart's power. In the first place, the nature of their powers was different.

Calmahart's strength was the power of destruction.

"Get started."

Caburak started to chant a spell. He didn't have much magic power left. But the atmosphere changed. Crockta's eyes widened. It was obvious that magic power he shouldn't have was continuously emerging.

"Caburak!"

Crockta realized something. Caburak was casting the magic with his remaining life force.

"The more you use your magic power...!"

Caburak grinned instead of answering. Crockta was silent. He couldn't stop Caburak. It wasn't just Caburak, Crockta himself would risk his life. In order to stop Calmahart, everyone had to put everything on the line.

This fight could only end in someone's destruction.

Within a short period of time, Caburak's mysterious magic power tangled up with the world tree. Calmahart's gaze turned towards him. The presence inside Calmahart had finally noticed them. His expression changed upon finding Caburak.

"You————!"

Caburak's magic wound around Calmahart. Then it started to push at his red energy. The broken cross pattern flashed on Calmahart's forehead. As if separating the two of them, the shape of the being inside Calmahart's body started to rise above his head. It twisted and resisted the magic.

"Impossible————!"

Crockta watched carefully.

The strange image of a demon was above Calmahart. This was a true darkness. The image of an ugly demon in the darkness. The captured demon glared at Caburak and Crockta. As if trying to be separated from Caburak's power, the form repeatedly overlapped on Calmahart. It was like an out of focus blue as two shapes overlapped over one.

Caburak shouted, "We meet again!"

“Kuaaaah!”

“You are neither Calmahart or an orc!”

Calmahart grabbed his head. Caburak’s magic drove him.

“Reveal your identity!”

“Kuaaaah!”

“Who are you?”

“I...!”

Calmahart’s eyes turned red. At the same time, the illusion of the demon above Calmahart disappeared. It became quiet. At the sudden situation, both the dark elves and orcs stopped fighting and watched Calmahart.

Calmahart stood tall and said, “I am a tribulation.”

He took one step. The world tree, which had already been struck again and again by the axe, spilled its sap. The branches tried to attack him but when Calmahart raised his axe, it paused and stopped.

Calmahart laughed as he looked at Caburak and Crockta. Now the being had completely taken over Calmahart’s flesh.

“I am the one who makes the world starve, the one who cleanses the world with screams, the nightmares you have made yourself, the tribulation.”

“The greedy and stupid Calmahart has accepted me; and with his body, I will fill this world with endless tribulation.”

“I will kill you, remove the foolish Lulenska and drive the continent back into the flames of endless war.”

“Scream. I am here to help you do that.”

He held his axe. There was already a lot of fatigue.

“Now, kill. Orcs, follow me and throw the world into chaos. Repeat the endless tribulations.”

Caburak flopped down. His hair had turned white. He had exhausted all his strength. Then he said, “Crockta. Stop the orcs. I know that it is huge...”

The war was already lost. There were many more orcs standing than dark elves. The dark elves were barely holding on, and if the fight continued, only the orcs would be left standing. It was flowing according to the will of the demonic existence.

Crockta looked around at the orcs. The orcs were perplexed by Calmahart’s strange attitude.

“Drop the futile hope. Crockta.”

Calmahart approached. Crockta hurriedly retreated. Calmahart looked down at him with the axe on his shoulder. The image of the demon seemed to be reflected in Calmahart’s ugly face.

“The orcs follow the great chieftain.”

As the wickedness in Calmahart’s eyes exploded, the red power around the orcs strengthened. The orcs growled. The madness that longed for blood was spreading once again. It wasn’t a normal appearance.

Calmahart roared loudly. The orcs raised their weapons and responded to him, “The great chieftain Calmahart commands you————!”

Calmahart pointed to Crockta and Caburak as he commanded, “Kill those bastards!”

The orcs encircled them slowly. The dark elves no longer had the power to fight back. All support troops were killed or wounded. It was the orcs’ victory.

“Kuoh...”

Caburak closed his eyes. Calmahart’s true colors might’ve been revealed, but the orcs still didn’t give up their allegiance to him. To the orcs, the command of the great chieftain was absolute. Right now, their loyalty to the great chieftain was combined with the demon’s madness. No matter Calmahart’s identity, his commands were the top priority.

“There is no way,” Crockta muttered.

He couldn’t see a path. Calmahart was a monster and defeated the world tree. The dark elves were mostly wiped out. Strength and numbers, everything was lacking. The north would soon fall into the hands of the demon.

“It is up to here.”

He couldn’t always win in wars. This was an extremely unfavorable war they had struggled to win, but there was nothing more he could do.

At that moment.

“Everyone stop————!”

An orc from the Great Clan walked out. All eyes turned to him.

He lifted his axe towards Calmahart.



Surka couldn’t believe his eyes when the image of the demon appeared above the great chieftain’s body.

That was Calmahart. There was something above Calmahart’s head. It called itself the tribulation.

All his uneasy feelings and suspicions so far were true. One of the countless gods in the world, but it was one of the old villains that had been buried long ago and whose origins had been forgotten.

“Kill those bastards!”

The great chieftain commanded. He started moving. The Great Clan followed the great chieftain. It was a law that had kept for a long time.

At the same time, the red aura covered Surka’s head so that he could no longer think clearly. The combat instincts, the craving for blood and violence filled his head. He wanted to kill the enemy and drink their blood.

Surka desperately resisted. This was a battle between the fate of the north and the northern orcs. He had to stop this. He was the son of a great warrior, Shiktulla of the Steel Axe Tribe.

‘Where is your honor as a warrior?’

He remembered Crockta’s words that caused him to feel a thrill.

Honor. They had honor. But the demon was covering the eyes of the northern orcs.

Surka stepped forward and shouted with all his power, “Everyone stop————!”

The orcs stopped for a moment, multiple red eyes turning towards him.

He couldn’t help laughing. It was a strange thing.

When he followed the words of the great chieftain, he kept doubting himself. Even though all the orcs of the Great Clan did the same thing, his mind continued to shake like they were making a terrible mistake.

Now he was going against the great chieftain and putting himself in danger. A strange confidence filled his mind. This wasn’t wrong, even if he ended up dying. He would never be ashamed. It was an emotion he hadn’t felt for a long time.

Self pride. He had confidence in his decisions. As he thought this, the madness disturbing his head faded.

Surka said to Calmahart. “I no longer recognize you as the great chieftain.”

Calmahart laughed, “Surka, my stupid child. It doesn’t matter if one of you disappears.”

“Don’t call yourself my father when you have already sold your soul! My father was a real warrior!”

Surka raised his axe and ran towards Calmahart. He used all his power. However, he was thrown back by Calmahart. It was the overwhelming power difference. Surka rolled to the ground. He barely managed to get up. It might be a single blow but the insides of his body were shaking and blood emerged from his mouth.

“That’s enough.”

A monster. He looked around. The orcs of the Great Clan were still looking at him with red eyes filled with madness.

There was only one way to save them all. And it was something that he couldn't do. Surka looked at Crockta.

"Crockta."

Surka had watched him from a distance, but this was the first time facing him directly. Crockta's eyes turned to him. An orc with full body tattoos, a red headband, and a greatsword. An honorable warrior from the continent.

Surka called him over. Crockta narrowed his eyes and approached. Surka whispered to him.

"....."

Crockta's eyes grew bigger as he heard Surka's words. He looked down at Surka.

"Really." Surka smiled and spat out blood. "Crockta, we are orcs."

"....."

"The great chieftain has fallen to the wicked god, but we have our honor. We won't forget our roots just because of the evil energy. It is true for all the orcs here."

Surka's eyes shone.

"We will remember this much."

As Surka and Crockta talked, Calmahart raised a hand, as if he didn't like it. It was an order for the orcs to exterminate them.

"Crockta."

Surka grinned. Then he grabbed Crockta's arm.

"Please, save us."

Crockta nodded. Then he looked at the great chieftain. It was an intense gaze.

Calmahart laughed in an insulting manner. “Kuhuhu, the ones who will soon die are having a conversation among themselves. Watch the world fall into tribulations.”

“Calmahart.” Crockta ignored his taunts and raised his greatsword. “I came from Orcrox on the continent.”

Calmahart cocked his head at Crockta’s words.

“What nonsense is this...?”

But that didn’t stop Crockta.

“My teacher is the great warrior Lenox. He taught me the laws of a warrior. I believe in that and won’t run away from a fight, even if it means my death. I know that honor is greater than death.”

Crockta’s voice rang through the battlefield. He aimed the tip of Ogre Slayer at Calmahart’s heart.

“I am an orc, a warrior.”

Calmahart’s face stiffened as he realized the situation. The most important law of the northern orcs. The sacred duel that no one could interfere with.

“My name is Crockta.”

Killing intent flashed in Crockta’s eyes.

“Calmahart, I challenge you to the position of great chieftain.”

CHAPTER 125

NORTHERN CONQUEROR

To become the great chieftain, one had to kill the former great chieftain. No one could interfere in the fight. It was a one-on-one duel in front of all the warriors of the Great Clan. It was the most sacred ritual of the orcs in the Great Clan.

“You are not qualified.” Calmahart looked down at him and said.

Crockta shook his head. “I am an orc like you. What else is necessary?”

It was like he said, there was only one thing necessary to become the great chieftain: be an orc. Anyone with the birthright of an orc could become the great chieftain.

Surka and Caburak stepped back. In the midst of the numerous orcs, Calmahart and Crockta stood there staring at each other.

Calmahart laughed, “Kuhuhu, kuhuhuhu...” He bowed his head and his chuckles became loud laughter, “Kuhahahahahat! A disgusting last-ditch effort! Crockta!”

His eyes flashed and he shook his head.

“The orcs are under my control! Don’t you know what that means?”

“You aren’t controlling anyone.”

“Look! And despair!” Calmahart raised a hand. “Orcs of the Great Clan. I am the great chieftain, Calmahart. Your ruler!”

A red aura emerged from his body, scattering about and surrounded the orcs. The madness in the orcs’ eyes thickened further. The orcs trembled. The orcs shook their heads as they became thirsty. The energy of the tribulation.

“Kill the trash from the continent.”

Calmahart’s eyes shone wickedly. His dominant voice rang out, “Slay him.”

The orcs began to step forward. Calmahart's red power was encouraging them. Some were pushed to the brink of insanity and raised their weapons.

Crockta looked at them one by one.

Will, or beliefs. There was no such thing. They were just pulled by the madness that dominated them as they headed towards Crockta. The cold light of many weapons turned towards Crockta.

Calmahart had won.

Crockta raised his greatsword. Even so, he wasn't going to give up without a last hurrah. The moment that Crockta was about to wield his weapon towards them,

Clang.

There was the sound of a weapon dropping onto the ground.

".....!"

It was an orc standing in the front. He wasn't a warrior or a commander. He was one of the many orc soldiers who would die nameless on the battlefield. A small part of a huge army. He dropped his weapon. As he held back the madness, he struck his chest with his fist.

Then he declared, "A duel is sacred."

He didn't advance any further. Rather, he stepped back. It was the beginning. The orcs standing beside him also dropped their weapons. They hit their chests.

"Nobody can interfere with the duel of the great chieftain."

Weapons dropped in turn. The orcs continued to retreat as the red energy around their bodies was reduced to a faint haze. The orcs struck their chests.

"No one can intervene."

"The great chieftain can't refuse a duel."

"The winner will become the great chieftain!"

Now Calmahart and Crockta were the only ones holding a weapon. It was a Colosseum created by the orcs.

Crockta looked around at the orcs.

Will, or beliefs. He could see it in their eyes.

Crockta smiled. Suddenly, he met Surka's eyes. Surka beat his chest and nodded. Crockta also hit his chest in accordance with the northern ways. Then he looked at Calmahart. The distorted face looked like a demon.

He was furious at the rejection of his command. He lifted his double edged axe.

Crockta raised his greatsword in response. The blade was stained with blood. Considering the number of lives that had fallen under Ogre Slayer today, it was hard not to be crushed by the weight of the sword.

Even so, he had to grab the handle. Its weight. He would only be liberated of it with Calmahart's life.

"Don't think you can win if it is a one-on-one duel."

The sunset on the horizon cast a red tint. Long shadows covered the ground.

"You talk too much, Calmahart."

Calmahart slowly began to turn sideways. Crockta responded to the way the body moved. They circled each other and stared at the opponent.

"I will kill you today and trample on all your precious things. The continent will be burned to ashes and your Orcrox friends will become slaves at my feet. I'll make a cup from your skull and watch all of it."

Calmahart taunted him.

Crockta didn't answer. He focused his mind. The world slowed. He saw the moving Calmahart.

One step.

One step.

One.

Step.

Step.

One.

A quarter.

Back to one.

The world was extremely slow. A moment of infinite suspension. The rough breathing of the orcs surrounding them, the expulsion of the waste through the lungs, the eyes watching the duel, the rough texture of the ground. He felt everything.

He could feel the strands of twilight shining out from the horizon. He could see for certain how powerful Calmahart was. His presence was huge. Even if he combined the energy that he felt from the horizon on all sides, it couldn't be compared to the aura of Calmahart standing in front of him.

Meanwhile, something raised its head in his heart. It built an antenna in his body.

Fear.

Crockta started laughing.

Calmahart had an awesome presence. Calmahart, who accepted the power of the tribulation, might've been the most powerful enemy he had ever met.

So Crockta moved first.

Kwaang!

He took the lead. The earth shook. It was just like the way he trampled on the bud of fear. Crockta wielded his greatsword. The double edged axe and Ogre Slayer encountered each other. Sparks flew as the weapons bounced off.

It was an acrobatic like fight. They avoided any damage from attacks in their gaps. The weapons clashed, causing sparks to rise in the air and fill the eyes of the spectators.

Calmahart with the monster like body and Crockta with his sturdy orc body. It was a fight between those who didn't look quick, but their movements were at a speed that the eyes couldn't follow. Flashes of light filled the area.

Kwaaaaang!

Both weapons collided and caused an explosion like there was gunpowder present. The first one hit by an attack that couldn't be avoided was Crockta. The flesh was cut and blood burst out. Calmahart smiled. It was only a light graze, but it was enough to split the skin and caused bleeding. It was an incredible force.

Crockta ignored the blood and gripped Ogre Slayer tighter. The two exchanged blows again. This time, it was Calmahart who received damage. There was a slash on his thigh. However, it healed at a visible speed. The bleeding stopped.

Truly a monster.

Their movements gradually became rough. Now the testing period was over. It was the time to put their flesh and blood on the line to kill the other. At the same time, both of their blood were scattered about. The two of them roared and collided.



His ears were ringing. He couldn't hear any sounds.

Crockta raised his head. The axe heading towards him shone red. Crockta could see the glow of the sunset on it. The sun hadn't fallen yet.

He twisted his body. The axe passed by the side of his neck. Blood flowed. He raised his legs and got into a stable posture. He raised his greatsword and stared at the enemy.

His vision was blurry. His swollen eyes weren't working properly. He raised his hands and rubbed them. Two or three blurred images gathered into one. Calmahart was swinging an axe towards him.

He rolled across the ground. His wounds filled with dirt and caused him pain. Crockta

endured the pain and got up. It was actually fortunate. His mind cleared from the pain.

Calmahart was looking down at him with an arrogant expression. "How boring."

Crockta gulped. Blood spread.

Calmahart was strong. The blows severely broke his body. The difference in physical strength was clear. Crockta gritted his teeth.

His mind entered the realm of the Pinnacle again. In the slowed world, Crockta brandished his sword towards Calmahart. Calmahart laughed. In a world where everything converged to a stop, Calmahart moved quickly. Before Crockta's attack could hit, he kicked Crockta's legs.

Crockta grabbed his abdomen and fell over.

The sky appeared. It was an expanse of blue and red.

Crockta thought about it. Why did he have to endure the pain here? Elder Lord, another world that existed somewhere. But this wasn't his world. His world was Earth, the land of South Korea where his little sister and cafe were.

He got up.

The orcs were still watching him. The sacred duel ended when one of them died or surrendered. Crockta still hadn't yielded.

"You can't beat me."

He looked at Calmahart. It was a fearsome face. The scar Crockta created made him seem even more heinous. Crockta smiled instead of answering.

Familiar faces were seen behind Calmahart. All of Spinoa was watching this duel. There was Tiyo, Anor, the faces of those Crockta met in the Luklan Mountains, and those he fought with in the north.

Everyone was looking at him. They believed in him.

'I believe in you.'

‘Raven. Your mission.’

‘As expected from Oppa.’

He always had to shoulder this burden. But he never resented it.

Crockta smiled. He fought because he had to. So he did it. That was all. One reason covered all his actions. He could stop this.

“A warrior doesn’t yield.”

It was just a joke when he selected an orc. But then he met the warriors of Orcrox and became a warrior. They were characters in a game, but great spirits that existed here in the world of Elder Lord.

He wouldn’t know if he hadn’t met them. Since he had met them, he would do what he needed to do.

A warrior.

Calmahart was running. His double edged axe split the air, the space around it collapsing and the explosive momentum bursting out towards Crockta.

A distance that couldn’t be avoided. A speed that couldn’t be avoided.

Crockta gritted his teeth. In the world of the Pinnacle, Crockta’s will unfolded. He followed the flow of the causes and effects in the world. Just as the stone thrown into the sky would come falling down, the axe swinging towards him would break Crockta’s body.

Calmahart’s speed was faster than Crockta’s and his strength wasn’t something Crockta could endure.

The whole world was moving forward towards his death. The end that was nearing, the destiny that nobody could avoid.

He saw it.

Crockta raised his greatsword. The movement was too weak compared to Calmahart’s axe. Then...

“.....!”

The axe passed by Crockta’s neck. It was a strange ending that couldn’t be created by any cause and effect existing in the world. Crockta survived when he should’ve been killed.

The distortion of causality didn’t stop here. Crockta’s greatsword shook. The great chieftain dodged. A clean evasion. Crockta’s greatsword should have definitely cut through the air.

Then...

“Cough...”

Suddenly, Crockta’s greatsword pierced Calmahart’s neck.

“How...?”

Calmahart couldn’t believe his eyes.

A miracle. He went beyond causality and wielded the world. It wasn’t the flow of history, but those who made the history.

[All Pinnacle ranked skills have been upgraded to the Hero rank.]

Crockta moved Ogre Slayer. Calmahart’s head flew through the air. It was the end of the great chieftain Calmahart, who terrorized the north.

A red aura emerged from his severed neck. It shattered into pieces. The fragmented red power scattered like petals and disappeared. It was the end of the tribulation.

“Ahhh...”

Everyone saw it clearly. Crockta killed the great chieftain.

The area became quiet.

Surka broke the silence. He hit his chest once and kneeled. This caused a wave as the orcs started kneeling in turn. All the orcs of the Great Clan who invaded Spinoa were now saluting Crockta. None of them could open their mouths. It was silent in the north.

The Great Northern War that began with Calmahart's call. It was stopped by Crockta.

Now.

"Everybody get up."

He was the great chieftain.



"Do you want to go orc hunting?"

"Why hunt orcs all of a sudden?"

"A quest was opened. The great chieftain is doing something. It seems like an event so I should practice in advance."

Youvidser Laney scratched her cheek as she listened to the conversation of users passing by.

She should be prepared. Sieges weren't interesting. The Youvids site was now dominated with raid and war videos of the Heaven and Earth Clan, led by Choi Hansung. At one time, she also followed the Heaven and Earth and filmed a video. But she couldn't adapt. She didn't want to put the images of dying people on the screen. So she quit.

She recalled the orc Crockta who had disappeared. His behavior had impressed Laney. Her chest became hot just thinking about it. It wasn't a cruel war. However, he disappeared from Elder Lord after he left for the north. Considering the nature of the game that didn't care about the convenience to users, maybe Crockta wouldn't appear before them again.

"Phew..."

Right now, she should be preparing for that crazy chieftain. Just as she was thinking this...

The users started to raise their heads one by one. Laney was the same. It was Elder Lord's system wide message window. The contents were something that no one had ever imagined.

[The orc great chieftain, Calmahart, who is preparing for the war that will lead to the destruction of the continent.]

[His ambitions have been crushed.]

[He swept the north with the flames of war and created many victims, eventually defeating the world tree. Before he could gain the entire north, he was brought to an end by an orc warrior.]

The users in the square started murmuring.

"What was the point of starting this then?"

"Those bastards were preparing for something big, but it didn't work so they are just canceling it?"

"I even prepared equipment because of this!"

The users became quiet again as the next message window rose.

[The destiny of the continent, which was supposed to experience a devastating war, has changed.]

[From the continent to the north, the great warrior who endured all sufferings and pushed ahead with his ideals is called the 'Northern Conqueror']

Laney's eyes widened. It was him.

[‘Northern Conqueror’ Crockta, who protected the world from the madness of the mad chieftain.]

[The entire north praises his name.]

[His name will forever be remembered in the history of Elder Lord.]

[The name of the northern conqueror is Crockta.]

[The orc warrior Crockta.]

Crockta was back.



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